# THE DOLPHIN.

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## HOLY WEEK AND EASTERTIDE IN DAYS OF OLD.

*Bytuene Mershe ant Averil.* (Old song.)

HOLY WEEK is a term affixed to the week immediately preceding Easter. The celebration of Holy Week and Easter dates back to apostolic times. St. Polycarp states that he celebrated the Pasch with his venerable master, the Apostle St. John. At the Ecumenical Council of Nice, A. D. 325, the Fathers there assembled decreed that Easter be celebrated uniformly throughout Christendom on the first Sunday after the full moon occurring after the vernal equinox, March 21st. Should this date, however, coincide with the Jewish Passover, Easter was to be transferred to the following Sunday. The celebration of Easter consequently falls within a range of thirty-five days, extending from March 22d to April 25th. With the shifting of the Easter date, the whole Easter cycle, beginning with Septuagesima Sunday and closing with Whitsunday, moves to and fro; hence the term movable feasts, in contradistinction to the Christmas cycle which is immovable, Christmas always occurring on a fixed date, December 25th. The manifestation of the spirit of the Church as observed in Lent, the season preparatory to Easter, culminates in the ceremonies and observances of Holy Week. The principal days of Holy Week are Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday.

### PALM SUNDAY.

The derivation of the name, Palm Sunday, has been well described by an old English writer. He says: "Wherefor holi Chirche this daye makith solepmne processyon, in mynde of the processyon that Cryst made this dey: but for encheson (occasion)

that wee hav noone Olyve that bearith greene leves, therefore we taken Palme, and geven instede of Olyve, and beare it about in processione. So is thys daye called Palme Sunday." Real palm was, however, as little to be had in England as olive, wherefore yew, box, sallow, willow with the willow flowers or buds, were used. These and similar greens constituted the palm among us up to within a few years ago, when the palm now in use was introduced from Florida. Anent this matter, it may be deserving of mention that Florida was so named by the Spaniards under the leadership of Ponce de Leon, who discovered the peninsula on Easter-day, A. D. 1513, and named it Florida from the Spanish name of Easter, *Pascua Florida*, Pasch of Flowers. This fact may well deserve to be associated with our palms!

To go a-palming meant to gather palms beforehand; to go a-palmsoning or a-palmsning meant to get palms on Palm Sunday, hence palm-sunning. A few days before Palm Sunday the poorer folk earned a few pence by selling palms. Not many years ago it was a common thing to see people with a large supply of native palm before our churches anxiously awaiting purchasers. The new palm has supplanted this. Thus hath another ancient custom perished. Our separated brethren of the department stores vie with one another in distributing palms to their friends at this season, and thus Christian and unbeliever may be seen going a-palming nowadays.

An old rubricist thus writes of the "hallowing of palms":

"When the Gospel is ended, let there follow the halowyng of flouers and braunches by the priest, being arraied with a redde cope, upon the thyrde step of the Altere, turning him toward the South: the Palmes wyth the flouers being fyrst laied aside upon the Altere for the Clarkes, and for the other upon the steppe of the Altere on the South syde."

Of course, the Gospel referred to is the Gospel read during the ceremonies preceding Mass. The cope prescribed of old for this day and Good Friday was red, in memory of the Passion of our Lord. Churches in old times commonly faced the west so that the priest at the altar looked toward the east. Hence the Epistle side of the altar was the south side, and is commonly so called in old books. The north transept was the transept on the

Gospel side. When the prescribed prayers for the hallowing of the palms have been said, the rubricist directs thus: "So whan these thinges are fynyshed, let the Palmes immediately be distributed." So it is done. Now follows the "processyon." The author of the Festyval says: "And thus we take Palme and Floures in the processyon as they (the Jews) dyde, and go in processyon knelynge to the Crosse in the worshyp and mynde of hym that was done on the Crosse, worshyppynge and welcomynge him with songe into the Chyrche as the people dyde our Lord into the Cyte of Jherusalem. It is called Palme Sondaye for because the Palme betokeneth vyctory, wherefore all Crysten people sholde bere Palme in processyon, in tokennynge that he hath foughten w$^{th}$ the fende our enemye, and hath the vyctory of hym."

The procession was led by the bearer of the Uptide Cross. This was probably the cross tied up with purple cloth since Carling Sunday. Spenser uses the word "uptyde" in the sense of tied up. The tendency, so conspicuous in the Middle Ages, of being realistic in the ceremonial of the Church, is manifest in the procession of Palm Sunday in the olden time. When, in the tenth century, the dramatization of the subject of the day's festival began to prevail, the ideas embodied in the celebration of Palm Sunday were clothed in this spirit of realism. The Rhemist translators of the New Testament touch upon it thus: "The blessed Sacrament reverently carried, as it were Christ, upon the Ass, with strawing of bushes and flowers, bearing of Palms, setting out boughs, spreading and hanging up the richest clothes, etc., all done in a very goodly ceremony to the honour of Christ, and the memory of his triumph upon this day." The figure of an ass, carved of wood and painted, mounted by a figure of Christ, the entire structure set on rollers, formed a part of the procession. Twelve clerics preceded, followed by a number of attendants, strewing palm branches and singing aloud: *Hosanna Filio David!* From the churches the ceremony was taken and used in the Mystery Plays. The great Oberammergau Passion Play opens with this scene as originally embodied in the ceremonial. When, on Palm Sunday, the service at church was ended, the figure was led in procession about the town, all the people accompanying it, great and small, prince and peasant, as a demonstration of welcome to

our Lord entering the town in triumph. On such an occasion as this, the King of France, Louis the Pious, while at Angers, took part in the popular demonstration. His cousin Theodulf, Bishop of Orleans, suspected of treason, together with others, sat imprisoned in the Angers tower. As the procession came by, the Bishop sang from the prison-window, in a stentorian voice, the antiphons composed by himself for the occasion and since then adopted by the liturgy, *Gloria, laus et honor*, etc. So pleased was the King with this magnificent religious composition, that he immediately set the Bishop at liberty.

The procession was followed by Holy Mass. Before the Gospel the Passion was sung. This dates from the eleventh century and is another outcome of the spirit of dramatization. A disgruntled heretic of old times unintentionally hands down in detail a full description of this ceremony. We thank him for the information and wish him godspeed for his spleen. His quaint description runs thus: "One comes furth in his albe and his long stole. Thys must be leashewise, as hunters wears their hornes. This solempne Syre played Christes part, a God's name. Then another companye of singers, chyldren and al, song in pricksong the Jewes' part, and the Deacon read the middel text. The Prest at the Alter al this while, because it was tediouse to be unoccupyed, made Crosses of Palme to set upon your doors, and to beare in your purses, to chase away the Divel." Evidently this benighted writer hated the palms as much as the "Divel" did.

Here we have an exact account of the Passion-chant as it was of old. To this day, in many churches the choir, children and all, can be heard singing their apportioned parts of the Passion. As to the crosses of palm, the celebrant must have been somewhat delinquent. But the writer quoted is, like all his ilk when writing of Catholic ceremonies, very much confused. The cleric wearing the stole "leashewise" did not sing the part of Christ, unless there were three clerics appointed to sing the Passion, which however was not the case here. The celebrant sang Christ's part, the deacon sang the narrative, the subdeacon sang the parts assigned to various individuals, while the choir, children and all, sang in "pricksong" the words and outcries of the Jews.

Had there been three clerics chanting besides the celebrant, the latter would have followed the chant while standing at the altar. Moreover, how could the above-quoted writer, while in the body of the church and probably in the rear, see how the priest at the altar was occupied? Or is this merely a heretical thrust? Nevertheless, little crosses of the hallowed palm were commonly made by the people. Catholics still wear such crosses in their purses and place them over their doors, for the blessed palm is a sacramental.

The custom of wearing little palm crosses on the coat lapel or on the breast is as ancient as it is edifying. In truly Catholic households the palm is not hidden away in some nook, but prominently and conspicuously honored. It is commonly placed crosswise over some holy picture or large crucifix hanging on the wall. Both the wearing of the palm and the preserving of it in our homes is encouraged by the Church, as is evident from the prayers of the Missal as prescribed for the hallowing of the palm. In the first of these prayers the priest asks of God that whoever receives of the blessed palm may have thereby protection of body and soul. In the second prayer a benediction is pronounced upon all those who preserve it in their homes in a proper place. As to the old and still existing custom of burning bits of hallowed palm as a protection against storms, lightning and the threatening elements, the people follow the example of the Church, which ordains that the blessed palm of the preceding Palm Sunday be, on the following Ash-Wednesday, reduced to ashes, hallowed, and distributed among the people. In this ceremony the Church presents to us a striking illustration of the words, *Sic transit gloria mundi*,—thus perishes the glory of the world.

The popular observances peculiar to Palm Sunday in the days of Catholic England are full of interest and significance. First of all, attention is drawn to a series of folk-rhymes which have been handed down from ages past, some of them preserved among the common folk of England without knowing their meaning. One of these folk-rhymes still awaits some patient interpreter who will unriddle its meaning. It runs thus:

> Tid, Mid, Misera,
> Carling, Palm and Paste Egg-day.

Or, according to another version:

Tid: Mid: Mis: Ra:
Carling, Palm and Easter-day.

Evidently the lines are a summing up of the popular names for the Sundays in Lent. Carling Sunday is Passion Sunday. As beans were very generally eaten on that day, they came to be called carlings. Carlingtide is Passiontide. The word Carling is derived from the word care, sorrow, cognate with the German term for Holy Week, *Char-Woche*. Paste Egg-day is a word corrupted from Pasch-egg-day, from the Latin-Hebrew word *Pascha*, Easter-day. But what is the meaning of Tid, Mid, Mis, Ra? If, as G. F. Northall, in *English Folk-rhyme*, interprets it, it stands for *Tid Mid Miserere*, that is, Mid-Lent Sunday, also known as Mothering Sunday or Laetare Sunday, is not perhaps a line or two missing which enumerates the popular names of the preceding Sundays of Lent? Another popular rhyme ran as follows:

Care Sunday, care away,
Palm Sunday and Easterday.

This was the cry for Carling Sunday; on Palm Sunday it was changed to:

Palm Sunday, Palm away,
Next Sunday is Easterday.

Those who had taken part in singing the Passion were, after service, entertained at the expense of the parish. Thus an item has it: "For Ale upan Palm Sunday on syngyng of the Passion I d." In those days a gallon of ale could be purchased for 1 *d.* Cakes also were provided for them. "Paid for Palme, Box-floures and Cakes IIII d." Certainly they were frugal enough. Another item says: "Paid for Kaks (cakes) Flowers and Yow (yew), II d."

## Spy Wednesday.

The Wednesday of Holy Week is popularly known as Spy Wednesday. On this day Judas played the spy and signed the traitor's contract for thirty pieces of silver. Whether the Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week had a special name is not easy to ascertain. In all probability they had, since names for these days

are found in other languages. It must be borne in mind that the same popular observances prevailed throughout the various countries of Christendom in days of old. They differed but little. Communication was more common in those times than is ordinarily supposed. People travelled a great deal. They did not cover hundreds of miles in a day, seeing little or nothing of a country's character, but they wandered slowly along and intermingled, and thus was established a thorough communication between people and people. Both the palmer bearing a palm home from the Holy Land, and the pilgrim from near and distant shrines —and they were thousands—traversed Europe to and fro. Monk and friar travelled far from their homes in monastery and convent to their brethren in some distant land in quest of rare book and parchment. Merchant and minstrel went up and down the whole of Europe; the one to increase the people's comforts and his own purse, the other for his own and the people's amusement and instruction. To this must be added the centuries of travel by the hundreds of thousands of Crusaders to and from the Orient. Thus it happens that in studying the popular customs of old, one is amazed at the fact that they were not at all peculiar to any one country, but common to all. No sooner did some new idea arise among a people, than it was caught up by palmer and pilgrim, monk and friar, merchant and minstrel, who scattered abroad what they had seen and heard, and thus new ideas and new methods were adopted in every and each branch of life, popular observance included.

On the evenings of Spy Wednesday, Maundy Thursday and Good Friday the service of the Tenebræ is held. The word tenebræ means darkness. This service dates back thirteen centuries and still holds its original form; hence its difference from other matins and lauds. It was originally said about two o'clock in the morning. About five centuries ago the custom of anticipating it as now done was established. The tenebræ-hearse, *i. e.*, the triangular candlestick with fifteen candles, is a relic of the times when the office was recited at night, and points to the fact that this office was said in the spirit of the Office of the Dead. The hearse was originally a canopy of lattice-work over the bier for the support of the prescribed candles. The lattice-work of the

hearse was in the shape of a triangular harrow. Gathered about this hearse, the clerics recited on the eves of the three last days of Holy Week, the divine office in mourning over our Lord's death. The extinguishing of one candle after each of the nine psalms of matins and five of lauds was intended to be a sign of mourning in darkness, hence the term *Matutinum Tenebrarum.* The topmost candle is symbolic of Christ, and its removal typifies His death amid the turmoil of nature,—the rending of rocks, earthquake and thunder, imitated by the noise of clappers, etc., at the end of the office, *fragor et strepitus.*

### Maundy Thursday.

It is not uncommon nowadays to hear this day referred to as Holy Thursday. This is a mistake. Holy Thursday is a name belonging absolutely from time immemorial to the Feast of the Ascension. Maundy is a significant name and ought therefore to be jealously guarded. Enough of that element of religion which serves to make it popular has been lost in the course of the past centuries, and what is left ought to be protected from further destruction. These little things help to increase a familiarity with topics in regard to which there should be no ignorance. It is a mistake to suppose that in order to popularize religion it must be stripped of all leaves and flowers. Rob essentials of accidentals and a vacuum is the result. This is pandering to Puritanism, and such a course demands reform.

The word Maundy is derived, through the French *maundier*, from the Latin *mandatum; "mandatum novum do vobis*, a new *commandment* I give unto you" (John 13: 34). The *Mandatum* or Maundy was the ceremony of the washing of the feet and almsgiving observed on this day. Blessed Thomas More, in answer to Tyndal, uses the word in this manner: "He treateth, in his secunde parte, the *Maundye of Chryste* wyth hys Apostles upon Shere Thursday." Both the washing of the feet and almsgiving were performed on this day as a token of that brotherly love which Christ so earnestly inculcated at the Last Supper.

The ceremony of the washing of the feet was and is part of the liturgy. It was performed by Pope, Bishop and priest, and kings, nobles and yeomen imitated their example. Twelve poor

men were selected to be the recipients of the dignitaries' favor. In Catholic England the kings and nobles invited as many as they were years of age. In Langley's version of *Polydore Vergill* we read:

"The kynges and quenes of England on that day washe the feet of as many poore menne and women as they be yeres olde, and geve to every of them so many pence, with a gowne and another ordinary almes of meate (food) and kysse their feete; and afterward geve their gownes of their backes to them that they se most needy of al the nomber."

With the national apostasy this custom fell into abeyance. King James II revived it, but with his flight it ceased altogether. The monarchs who occupied the throne of England from the Religious Revolution to the Emancipation were not inclined to kiss poor men's feet; and as to almsgiving, they were constantly in need of alms themselves. Hence the double taxation of Catholics. The noble example of humility and charity manifested by ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries in the ceremony of the washing of the feet was imitated by people of high and low degree. This is witnessed to by a fault-finding critic of the times, from whom the following line is taken: "Each one the other's feete doth wash and wipe them clean and dry." The Maundy is kept up in this country in many religious communities on the day prescribed by the liturgy.

Maundy Thursday was also called Poor People's Thursday, on account of the almsgiving prevalent on that day. This was a substantial way of showing the love taught by the New Commandment. The poor men who were privileged to share in the bounty of the prelates, kings and nobles, fared royally indeed. The lists of donations given on this day, record gifts of no end of clothes and money. "To as many poure men as his Lordshipe is yers of aige, and one the yere of my Lord's aige to come," so many were the pieces of clothes and purses of money distributed in each case. Not satisfied with that, "my Lorde useth and accustomyth yerly, upon the said Mawndy Thursday, to come to be delyverit to one of my Lordis chaplayns, for every of my yonge maisters, my Lordis yonger sonnes, to gyf for every of them as many penns to as manny poore men as every of my said maisters is yeres of

aige, and for the yere to come." The foregoing is an entry in the Earl of Northumberland's Household Book. A penny in those days went a long way.

Visiting the repositories is a custom as popular of old as it is to-day. May the custom prosper and increase. It is indeed edifying to Catholic and non-Catholic alike to witness this spontaneous demonstration of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Deeper than we are aware of is the impression produced on the multitudes of unbelievers round about us by this and similar manifestations of faith. The poor, who have a retentive memory, may be most frequently met with on those streets which lead from one church to another, and whether deserving or no, a penny, or as many pence as the devout visitor be years old and one for the year to come, will not go unrewarded by Him who taught the New Commandment of true Christian charity.

Maundy Thursday was also known by the name of Shere Thursday, from the word, shear, cut. This name was supplanted by Maundy after the Norman influence had become paramount in England. The reason for the use of this term is given by William Caxton in his own quaint way in the *Liber Festivalis*. "It is," says he, "also in Englysshe called Sherthoursday for in olde faders dayes the people wolde that day shere their hedes (heads) and clyppe theys berdes (beards) and polle (cut the hair close) their hedes and so make theym honest ayenst (against) Ester day." It must be remembered that in "olde faders dayes" men wore the hair long and the beards full, trimming them only before the great festivals which were numerous. The yeomanry, that is, the common people, wore the hair close-clipped, "polled." With the uprising of the yeomanry against royal supremacy and oppression in the seventeenth century and the establishment of the Commonwealth and republicanism, close-cut hair became a sign of democratic and republican partisanship. Hence arose the term of round heads as opposed to the cavaliers of the long hair. Barbers were not in much demand ages ago. In fact, the tonsorial art is merely an outcome of surgery,—chirurgie, as it was called. The barber post originally served the purpose of steadying the "chie-rurgeon's" victim during the operation. It became bespattered with blood. This was washed off and white bandages wound

around the post spirally, then it was set out against the front as a sign. Ardent patriots hereabouts add blue stripes and stars, which, though not so intended, are no doubt a symbol of what were seen by the victims of old as they faced the pole. In spite of the apparent hardships these people were not heir to one-tenth of the physical ailments now prevalent and to which modern material science has given a "local habitation and a name." Nature puts a heavy tax on over-refinement.

### Good Friday.

Good Friday, commemorative of our Lord's death, is and always was a day of deep mourning throughout Christendom. Among the ceremonies of the day is that one practised both by clergy and laity and known of old as creeping to the Cross. Near by the recumbent crucifix is placed the alms-box ready to receive the contributions destined for the maintenance of the sacred places in the Holy Land. In old times various offerings besides coin were made for the purpose. The custom dates from the time of the Crusades.

The sepulchre, likewise, holds a prominent place in the ceremonies peculiar to this day. This is the outcome, also, of that realistic tendency which constantly sought new means to make vivid to mind and heart the mysteries of the life of Christ and the economy of Redemption, as recalled by the recurring fasts and feasts throughout the year. A constant stream of palmers passed to and fro through Europe, eager to visit the Holy Land and its sacred places, or recount at home by the fireside what they had seen and felt. The Crusaders made every home familiar with the East. It was no more than natural that under such circumstances it should become a general custom to represent the stable of Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Galilee, the Calvary and the Sepulchre. By the Holy Rood was meant a large crucifix together with the image of Our Lady, St. John, and St. Mary Magdalen, which graced every Calvary. Very few churches were without a rood-screen, a screen of filigree work or carved lattice work, separating the sanctuary from the body of the church, and surmounted by the Holy Rood. The sepulchre was reserved for Good Friday. Sometimes of the most primitive design, sometimes an elaborate piece

of art, the sepulchre never failed to inspire the faithful with a lively sentiment of compassion for the sufferings and death of our Saviour. In one old account mention is made of a "toumbe of brycke."

The palmers, home from the Holy Land, did not fail to give a vivid description of those huge and priceless lamps suspended before the tomb of our Lord. This idea of lighting the sepulchre was carried out in diverse ways. The reader may have seen sepulchres in some churches ornamented with glass globes filled with variously colored liquids and lighted, resembling somewhat the colored vases in apothecary windows, which are seen gleaming at night. Recently, electricity has been introduced. This is the old idea of lights still carried out, but the sense of the antique is lost. Thus will old traditions live on, and make the latest inventions submit to their sway. It requires force, and sometimes a great deal of it, to crush a tradition. That which childhood's memories and youth's associations are accustomed to, will make old age, when deprived of it, rebel and stoutly resist the vandal hand. The Blessed Sacrament was reserved in the sepulchre in England in former days. One or more were put on guard in imitation of the Roman guards at the sepulchre of Christ. An old account says: "Paide to Roger Brock for watching of the Sepulchre, 8 *d.*" Again: "To the Clerk and Sexton for watching the Sepulchre from Good Friday to Easter Eve, and for their meate and drinke, 14 *d.*" In the course of time as the Mystery Plays developed, an image of the buried Christ was laid in the sepulchre. In this form the sepulchre has come down to us, and may it continue to flourish so as to impress our people with a deep devotion to our dear Lord! Neither words nor books can convey to the mind of man what realistic scenes of this nature never fail to impress deeply. Especially in these materialistic times is the need of such means of fostering faith and piety most deeply felt. Nowadays, more than ever before, the eye is attracted by a thousand and one snares, and this evil influence cannot be better offset than by portraying to the eye such incidents as will awaken a horror for sin and the occasion of sin. The ceremonial may not prescribe this or that, nevertheless, many a ceremonial is the outcome of just such customs. Saintly, wise, and powerful minds,

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ripened in silence and solitude unto full maturity, were the originators of many a ceremonial and many a popular custom. General movements bore along what individual action set in motion. The Church stood by and observed in silence. When the time came, when the tree of the movement had reached full development, when scores of great minds had enhanced the original idea, then the Church stepped in, lopped off superfluous or crooked branches, and then let the well-proportioned tree stand, an imperishable, eloquent, deeply-symbolical ceremony, a glory to the Church, and the age that gave it birth. Thus ceremonial and popular custom are closely intertwined, and were intensely so in the ages when the daily life of the people was most intimately united with the spirit of God in the Church.

Another valuable manifestation of faith is hymnology. Anent Good Friday, several hymns on the Passion of Christ have thus far been published, which bear witness to the deep sorrow manifested on this day in past ages for the sufferings of Christ. One of these is the following:

Mary moder, cum and se,
Thi son is nayled on a tree,
Hand and foot, he may not go,
His body is woundyn al in woo.

Thi sweete son that thou hast born,
To save mankynde, that was forlorn,
His hed is wrethin in a thorn,
His blysful body is al to-torn.

Quan (when) he this tale began to telle,
Mary would not longer dwelle (stay),
But hyid here (hied her) faste to that hylle
Ther Jhesu his blod began to spylle.

This is evidently a fragment, beautiful nevertheless. Fragments of this kind are most welcome. Another song, entitled *Carol of the Seven Virgins*, is as touching as it is masterly. Here it is:

All under the leaves and the leaves of life
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

'Oh! what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
All under the leaves of life?
Come tell, come tell, what seek you
All under the leaves of life?'

'We're seeking or no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine:
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our guide and thine.'

'Go down, go down to yonder town
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
Nail'd to a big yew tree.'

So down they went to yonder town
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a grievous bitter tear
From the virgins' eyes did fall.

'Oh peace, Mother, oh peace, Mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve;
I must suffer this,' He said,
'For Adam and for Eve.'

'O Mother, take you John Evangelist
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.'

'Oh come thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me;
But more welcome my own dear son,
Whom I nursed on my knee.'

Then he laid his head on his right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck him nigh,—
'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die.'

Oh the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green!
God give us grace in every place
To pray for our king and queen.

Further more for our enemies all
Our prayers they should be strong:
Amen, good Lord; your charity
Is the ending of my song.

It is long since England's bards produced songs of such poetic swerve and swing. It is long, long ago since the folk by the fireside, or the minstrel on the village green, lifted up their hearts in similar strains. The Mystery Plays contain many a pathetic verse anent the Passion, naïve and simple, devout and fervent.

A popular custom peculiar to Good Friday was that of eating the hot cross bun. Religion pervaded everything, even the fare of the feast. Youngsters may still be heard in the streets of London in the early morning of Good Friday disposing of the freshly baked buns and shouting at the top of their voices:

> One a penny, two a penny,
> Hot Cross Buns;
> Sugar 'em and butter 'em
> An stick 'em in your muns (mouths).

The more naughty youngsters prefix this catch with the words:

> When Good Friday comes
> The auld 'ooman runs.
> One a penny, etc.

In several parts of this country these Good Friday hot cross buns are well known. People of old were wont to cut with a knife several little crosses into the cakes before putting them into the oven. They would also mark the loaf with a cross, knife in hand, before slicing it. This custom continued for ages after the Catholic times. Without knowing what it signified, the father of the family, standing, would take hold of the generous loaf of bread, and with the large knife would make several vicious jabs at the underside of it to the great admiration of the little hungry mouths circling round about the table. Thus will customs from "olde faders dayes" continue and outlive all the bickering of man with man.

## Holy Saturday.

On Holy Saturday, early in the morning, all the hearth fires in town were banked and the people went to church. There the ceremonies began with the hallowing of the fire. When this service was ended, a representative of each family, having previously provided himself with a brand, held it in the hallowed fire to light it, and then, with all possible speed, set out for home to communicate the blessing to his own hall or hovel, whichever he called home. After the hallowing of the fire, the paschal candle was blessed. This candle, still of an immense size, was, in old England, especially in the cathedrals and minsters, of great weight. There is mention made of a paschal candle weighing

300 pounds in the abbey church of Westminster during the last year of the reign of Queen Mary. An old item reads: "Paid for makynge of the Pascall and Funte Taper, 5 s. 8 d." This fount taper was probably the triple candle. Contributions for the wax used in preparing the paschal candle are recorded in the following item: "It. rec. at Estur for the Pascall XXXVII s." From another account we gather that a pound of wax sold at 5*d.*: "1508. It. payed to Wa(l)ter Barton for xx l. wex for a pascall pic. le. li. v d. S'ma VIII s. IIII d." Hence the candle before mentioned used at "Estur" weighed 88⅘ pounds, quite a respectable size. That natural flowers were used in ornamenting the paschal candle is evident from the following entry: "It. payed for one li. of grene flowr to the foreseid pascall VI d." The five incense grains fastened in the cross on the paschal candle are hinted at in another item: "It. payed for a li. of encens, XII d." The *Exultet*, which is the prayer for the hallowing of the paschal candle, is sung by the deacon in the sanctuary from a book supported by a music-stand. Over this stand hangs a velum. This custom began with the ancient "rotuli," rolls of parchment, of about the length and breadth of the velum on which in former ages the *Exultet*, words and notes, was written, together with illustrations. The illustrations, however, were inverted, so that as the deacon, standing in the pulpit and facing the congregation, let the upper end of the roll hang down, the people could see the illustration as the parchment unrolled in the progress of the chant. These illustrations treated of the matter spoken of in the *Exultet.* The departure from Egypt, Moses leading Israel through the desert, the Land of Promise, were the topics illustrated. The custom proceeded from Monte Casino.

During the chanting of the litany the Lenten veil was removed. It hung across the sanctuary, covering all statues and pictures in one wide sweep. At the intoning of the *Gloria* the bells pealed forth a jubilant *Alleluia.* On Maundy Thursday they pealed a last, long song of joy, to ring no more in sorrow over our Lord's death. This caused no end of perplexity to the children. What became of the bells? When the bells ring, the little children listen, and in fancy they hear them say many things. A fast, firm friendship exists between children and their church bells. They know them

by name. They are apt stealthily to climb up the dusty stairs in the belfry to have a good look at those wonderful clangers with the iron tongue, and they lay their little hands tenderly upon them and talk to them. Now, what became of the bells? Where did they go to? Did anybody steal them? Children will insist on an answer. At last some wise head hit upon the fancy that the bells on Maundy Thursday all flew away to Rome, that the Holy Father might bless them all with the new Easter water, so that on Holy Saturday, as the priest called them at the altar, singing *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, they had already flown back home, at least the larger ones, each to its own steeple, chockful of Easter eggs. These the bells, upon their arrival, scattered lavishly, and thus the eggs lay hidden under bush and briar, in the grass, among the weeds. Hence the tireless search of little children on Easter morn for the colored eggs. Parents, and people fond of children, contrive that the eggs be found. When little children on Holy Saturday look up to the sky, they are watching some speck far, far away; that is their bell. Now, say what you will and argue as you may, the fact is settled once for all, that is their bell. On the morrow they will scour brake and bower and fetch home an armful of any variety of colored eggs. In some places the little ones got it into their heads that Bunny, a special friend of children, brought the Easter eggs and hid them away. Should little children, shortly before Easter, come and ask for a bunch of hay or straw, let them have it. There is a nook somewhere in the yard and they and the Easter Bunny know the place, and the rest will take care of itself. These and the like customs were what scandalized the Puritans. These "popish superstitions and Romish idolatries," etc., etc., were thundered against from pulpit and press. It was a hard time in those days to be a child. And, after all, the people were not to blame for that wild fanaticism crystallized in the word Puritanism. The people at large were not at fault. Their priests had been martyred, imprisoned, or exiled. Demagogues were abroad in the land, quarrelling one against another for the leadership, establishing sect against sect. The people were merely tools, reeds cast to and fro by the storm. Nations form but the background of history; it is the leaders who play on the stage of the world. There were those who knew how to profit by

turmoil and disaster, by upsetting the old and inaugurating a new order of affairs. They were the ghouls that follow the army, and the greater the slaughter the greater their delight for the increased booty. Hard times, constant wars, heavy taxation, tyrannical oppression, epidemics and famine, all this had raised the nations to a fever heat of discontent in the fifteenth century, and, unfortunately, at this moment there were those who seized the opportunity and threw the firebrands into the straw. Collapse and conflagration followed and the wreck and ruin is round about us to-day. There was not a more Catholic nation in Christendom than Catholic England. It played its part nobly throughout the Ages of Faith, and dearly it sold that faith. Stubbornly did England maintain the traditions of "olde faders dayes." May the angels and saints of one-time Catholic England implore of God the restoration of their people to the one Fold!

## Easter.

Venerable Bede says that the Esturmonath, now Passion-month, derives its name from a goddess of the Angles named Eostre, in whose honor feasts were kept in that month. He does not, however, say that the name of Easter was derived therefrom. Such action has never been warranted by the Church, which even changed the names of week-days and gave them numbers, thus *feria secunda*, etc. An old English root is the parent of such words as East, Eostre, Easter, and signifies rising; hence the word East, where the sun rises; hence the word Eostre, the goddess of Spring, when Nature rises in all grandeur; hence the word Easter, M. E. ester, O. E. Eastor, pl. eastro, *i. e.*, Easter holidays. Easter, therefore, means the Rise, or in Latin, *Resurrectio.*

With Easter, Lent comes to an end. At midnight the faithful attended Matins. The sepulchre formed the centre of interest. After Matins there took place in the sepulchre the scene of the Resurrection, a monument of which is retained by the Church, as a well proportioned tree grown out of a spontaneous custom, namely, the sequence of the Mass, *Victimae paschali laudes.* Here in the sepulchre is the fountain-head and the wellspring of drama. The cross which lay in the tomb was wound about with linen cloth and exalted over the altar, symbol of the glorious Res-

urrection. The white cross was ornamented with flowers and this was the Easter cross. Hence such a record as this: "Three great garlands for the crosses of roses and lavender. Three dozen other garlands for the quirė (choir), 3 s." Evidently several Easter crosses were erected. Easter is preëminently the feast of flowers, as Christmas is the feast of evergreens. *Pascua Florida*, Pasch of Flowers, the Spaniard calls Easter. In England it was customary to strew the church aisles and walks about the church with ivy leaves. The Easter flower *par excellence* was lavender, *lavendula spica*, the symbol of immortality. Nowadays it is the Easter lily. The bulbs of this lily are imported from the Bermudas by the shiploads, so great is the demand. The flowers of the lavender have a highly aromatic odor and a hot bitterish taste, whence, no doubt, the plant was associated with Easter on account of the aromatic spices which the three Marys brought on Easter morn to the sepulchre. The plant was extensively cultivated in Old England. The custom of erecting an Easter cross, white, and trimmed with garlands of roses and lavender, has continued down to our times in some non-Catholic churches. It was a harmless relic. The small white crosses covered with wax flowers and preserved under a glass are of the same origin. When, in recent years, some Catholic churches reintroduced the custom and reclaimed the Easter cross, there was some ignorant criticism about imitating others. Thus did the patriarch Isaac mistake his own son Jacob. It may be laid down as a principle that barren heresy, the acid of Christianity, the destructive element of religion, as so clearly seen in our own country, has produced absolutely nothing new, since it is a negative element. Whatever it contains worthy of serious attention is under one form or another, borrowed from the "Dark Ages." It remains yet to be explored in how far old English hymnology has been ransacked and appropriated by sectarian hymn-writers. Anent this matter, so much is sure, that the Middle English folk-song has been transplanted to the South by the more genial Anglican. Northern Puritans eschewed song. In the South the old folk-song was picked up by the slaves, received a fresh impulse, and deluged the nation with what is popularly known as negro minstrelsy.

A peculiar fancy prevalent in olden times was the popular be-

lief that the sun danced thrice on Easter morn. Gladness prevailed among the people and they saw all nature round about them glad and bubbling over with joy, laughing and dancing and making merry. Even the old, sturdy, solemn sun had to fall in line and dance, at least give three high jumps. At sunrise the people would watch the reflection of the sun in the flowing waters of a stream. Where there was no stream they looked into a well, and where there was no well, into a basin of water, and if the sun would not start to dance some one would give the basin a push and—lo ! and behold, sure enough, the sun danced thrice and the children were happy as happy could be. This sun-dance was called lamb-playing. Tremendously erudite lucubrations did the heretic leaders write to prove scientifically that the sun could not dance, but must perforce adhere to its orbital circumvolution, etc. But the people would watch the lamb-playing and be jolly on Easter-day. Lent had been solemn and sober enough.

The custom of hallowing food on Easter morn originated, according to some authorities, in the British Isles, and was adopted by the ritual. An old account mentions "the Pascal Lambe, Egges and Herbes." Among the last mentioned was the tansy, *tanacetum vulgare*. The word tansy was derived from the French *tanasie*, and that in turn from the Greek *athanasia*, *i. e.*, immortality. Immortality was the keynote of the Easter feeling. The tansy was used for its medicinal qualities in relieving the system of any injurious matter brought on by Lenten diet. At breakfast on Easter morn tansy-pudding and bacon formed the fare. The latter was intended to offset the Jewish Pasch. The large hall was appropriately decorated. "The blacke wynter brondes" were removed and the hearth was "gayly arayed with fayre floures, and strewed with grene Rysshes all aboute." Not a holiday came but the floor was strewn with green rushes of broom. A large oval table was set in the hall, or else in the best room in the house. The old oval table of Leonard Calvert, Governor of Maryland in 1634, and brother to Caecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore II, is still preserved in the entrance hall of Georgetown University. The large table was set in the middle of the room and covered with the best linen, bestrewn with flowers, the dishes of meat placed round about, and the great charger of hallowed Easter eggs in the midst.

Round about the chamber were set the smaller tables and upon them all the plate they had in the house, " and whatever else they have," says the writer of old, " that is rich and curious, in honor to their Easter Eggs, which of themselves yield a very fair show, for the shells of them are all painted with divers colors and gilt. Sometimes they are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in form of a pyramid. The table continues in the same posture, covered all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them in that time are invited to eat an Eastern (*sic*) Egg with them, which they must not refuse." Eggs laid on Lady Day (March 25th) were preferred. Hence, as an old calendar has it, the term "*ova annunciatae, ut aiunt, reponuntur.*" In the household Book of Edward I mention is made, *anno* 1300, of 450 eggs at 18*d.* The old record reads thus: " Pro IIIIc di. ov. XVIII d." Many a game was played with Easter eggs, among them, picking and rolling. Rulers and princes mingled with the people on these days, even as to-day our Presidents roll the Easter eggs down the terrace near the White House to the great glee of the little ones assembled.

As to the origin of Easter eggs, various suggestions have been offered by those intent on reading a nation's character in its customs. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Chinese, and other nations, including Greeks and Romans, had the custom of using and presenting colored eggs at this season. The origin therefore of such a universal practice must be sought in primeval times, before the dispersion of nations. It is the custom reigning at a time of the year when the nesting birds, large and small, begin to breed. Moreover, it was the ancient New Year's tide, the vernal equinox, and continued so in Europe up to within a few centuries ago. New Year's tide is naturally the time for strengthening old friendships and abolishing old feuds. Nothing secures the end of both more effectively than presents, be they ever so small. Hence the primitive presents of large birds' eggs, oftentimes most prettily colored, and as substantial a gift as primeval times afforded. In default of these specimens hen's eggs are dyed and supply the purpose. After all the writer has read and pondered over the subject, this explanation as to the origin of Easter eggs seems most natural and self-suggesting. Within recent years the manu-

facturing of Easter eggs in the form of bonbons has become quite an industry. The fashion was started in Paris. Thence it spread to other countries. In Russia, where Easter is religiously kept, a new fashion took its rise, namely, Easter eggs made of glass. So great is the demand for these in Europe that all the glass industries of Russia begin after New Year to devote all their attention to this branch of manufacture. Most costly specimens of cut glass are prepared for the Czar and his family and friends. Sometimes the glass egg is hollowed and contains treasures intended for some imperial favorite. However, be the Easter eggs ever so costly, they will never supplant the plain dyed eggs endeared by the memories of childhood. It is true, in olden times eggs were not permitted as Lenten food, and therefore formed a special Easter dish; nevertheless, although indults now permit the use of eggs during Lent, they are none the less welcome under the form of Easter eggs.

The paschal lamb was a lamb prepared for the day and blessed by the priest in the church according to the prayers contained in the ritual. In religious communities all these customs are still treasured. The paschal lamb may be seen on a large platter. A little banner—a red cross on a white field—is stuck upon it. Whatever portion of the hallowed food remains, bones and shells and offal, is, out of reverence for the blessing, cast into the fire and consumed. In some churches the people are still encouraged to bring foodstuffs for hallowing on Easter morn, of which privilege they eagerly avail themselves.

A curious custom that existed in England of old was the passing around a hand-ball in church. In order to understand this custom it must be remembered that the penitential season of Lent was strictly kept in all its fervor in those times. There was no such indulgence as balls, theatres, banquets, during Lent. Even innocent games and sports were discarded. People preferred to carry off, at least some of the debt due to sin, in this world; and therefore Lent was truly and really a penitential season. The fast and abstinence were rigorously kept. Easter dawned, therefore, with a thrice-royal welcome. With Easter began the season of outdoor sport as Christmas was the climax of indoor sport. The hand-ball opened the long season of varied games. Indeed, all

things, even games, in times of yore partook of a religious character. No irreverence was intended when the hand-ball was passed around in church on Easter-day; on the contrary, it was a manner popularly adopted of consecrating the season of games now begun with the game of hand-ball. In honor of the twelve Apostles the game was played in a form demanding twelve participants. How few of us can enter into that spirit which both permitted and practised this and similar institutions! We have the old stories about the "Dark Ages" so constantly dinned into our ears that, even while resenting the imputation, we are unconsciously inoculated with the virus which affects our vision and judgment concerning the slandered, but truly great and glorious Middle Ages—great and glorious with all their faults.

The hymnology of Eastertide, as then in practice in the vernacular, has not, at least so far as English is concerned, been hitherto sufficiently explored. In old parchments and rare MSS. there are no doubt many gems of Easter carols buried. May they be soon brought to light for our edification and imitation!

### Low Sunday.

With Low Sunday Eastertide proper closes. What may be the reason for this popular name it is difficult to explain. Explanations are suggested, but no satisfactory solution has yet been given. Some maintain that it is called Low Sunday to offset the grandeur of Easter. This explanation is not at all in accord with the principle underlying popular names and customs. Others declare that the word low is a corruption of lock and, as Lock Sunday, it forms the end of the closed season. An interesting folk-rhyme mentions Low Sunday as the end of one of the closed seasons. It is worded thus:

> When Advent comes do thou refraine
> Till Hillary set thee free again;
> Next Septuagesima saith the nay;
> But when *Low Sunday* come thou may,
> Yet at Rogation thou must tarrie
> Till Trinitie shall bid the mary.

However, that Low Sunday should stand for Lock Sunday is untenable on the lines of etymology and philology. In no way can it be demonstrated that lock is derived from low, or *vice versa*.

The eve of Low Sunday was popularly known as Lawson eve. This would hint at a probable fact, namely, that Low Sunday stands for Law Sunday. Now the question is, whence and wherefore the term Law Sunday? Was it because with this Sunday, or rather the day following, the courts of law, which were closed during Holy Week and Eastertide, opened again?

The consideration of facts such as these offered in this article are full of interest and instruction, not only as throwing light on times past, but also on times present. There is unrest round about us. General movements have general causes. Oppression is rampant. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is really a curse in our age. It is all work and no play. Hence the unrest of the multitudes. People will have play. Mother Church gave them play. She stood by like a mother and glad indeed was she to see her children happy. One does not have to look far to find what element has crushed it. The sooner the people at large are made to understand where their true mother is, the sooner will they flock back and with scorn cast off the trammels which have been put upon them by force, trammels which, with ignorance, bigotry, slander and contempt, close the peoples' eyes against facts that need but to be seen to bring before the eyes of all the Church in her splendor, glory and greatness. God speed the day when truth shall triumph over falsehood, when facts, like another Solomon, will decide where is the people's true mother.

[Much of the matter embodied in the above article may be found in Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*. This has been illustrated by Catholic practice and amplified from various sources.]

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## BROTHER AND SISTER.

### CHAPTER VII. — AUNT DUMOULIN'S THURSDAYS.

FROM time immemorial my aunt had given a dinner on Thursdays to which she invited a few old friends living in the neighborhood. They sat down to dinner at six o'clock in summer, at five in winter, and after the repast, which lasted until

half-past six or half-past seven, according to the season, they played whist, "boston," or écarté, or—and this I liked the best—they would gather around the pastor of Saint-Laurent, to listen to the tales, a store of which he had collected in the course of his long and varied experience. At half-past nine, with the gravity of a university rector, followed by the four faculties, old Rose majestically entered the drawing-room and proceeded to serve the tea, whilst Cillette and Lexis, stumbling behind her, moved hither and thither, the boy bearing a bottle of old rum and his sister carrying a pyramid of cakes. Soon after tea, the company dispersed until the following Thursday, when they would assemble again without further invitation. The last invitation must have been at least ten years old, as the foundation was one of remote antiquity. My aunt, with this exception, received no company, nor did she ever make visits; but not for the world would she have departed from this ancient and honorable custom.

Permit me to present to you the guests—always the same—who, week after week, were to be seen at the table of Mademoiselle Dumoulin. Honor to whom honor is due. I will begin with our excellent pastor, the Abbé Aubry, who had never missed a single Thursday since 1807, which was the authentic date of the founding of this time-honored institution. This was the year he became pastor of the parish. One of his assistants, sometimes Abbé Berteaux, sometimes Abbé Denis, accompanied him as a rule. It was very seldom that all three came. Abbé Aubry, very wisely, wanted to be certain that his parishioners could always find a priest at the rectory in case of necessity.

About half an hour before dinner time, the antique vehicle of the presbytery, drawn by old Coco, stopped quietly before the door, and while Lexis disposed of the horse and carriage, the two gentlemen stepped into the hall, where, without ceremony, they finished saying their breviaries, my aunt and Rose being meantime busy with the final preparations.

Ten minutes later (each guest arrived at a certain hour with mathematical precision), Doctor Durand, mounted upon his gray mare, cantered gently up the avenue of chestnut trees. After taking his mount to the stable and personally providing for her necessities, he betook himself to the garden, where he walked up and down, perfectly at home, smoking his pipe.

And now appears an old family barouche, hitched to two plough-horses and driven by a farmhand transformed for the occasion into a coachman. This is the equipage of Maître Hardy, the notary, whom I now have the honor to present together with his wife and his daughter, Mademoiselle Adèle, the fashionables of Saint-Laurent. Our company is now almost complete. We await only the brothers Ducoudray, two "old young men," who danced most elegantly, it seems, some sixty years ago. They arrived at Mesnil with Mademoiselle Agathe, their housekeeper, in a fine chariot drawn by a superb mule, and driven by "Zidore" (Isidore), their little house-boy, a child of twelve or thirteen years, whom his masters, priding themselves on their elegance, had arrayed in yellow livery with irresistible effect.

Lexis detested Zidore, first of all, because he came from the right bank of the river, and also because this elegant young man assumed an air of superiority toward him; but, above all, because Zidore had had the audacity to propose that he serve at dinner in the place of Lexis. Undoubtedly he would have acquitted himself more creditably than the dull and clumsy scion of the house of Chopin, but imagine the discredit which would have been cast upon the whole country-side if one of those "good-for-nothing Nantes people" had dictated to us! And so the offer of the poor boy had been rejected with disdain, and, as was only just, he was relegated to the lower end of the kitchen table when the servants came to have their dinner.

The unfortunate child must have passed a stupid evening on that occasion, for no one would talk with him or even answer his questions. Never was "Coventry" more strict. But, then, why did he come from the other side of the river? Why did he wear a yellow coat, and, above all, why did he put on the airs of a duke? Cillette, it must be confessed, was a bit smitten by the elegance and fine appearance of Monsieur Zidore, but her brother gave her distinctly to understand that "patriotism" demanded that she conceal her admiration.

But here we are enlarging upon Isidore and forgetting his masters.

When the chariot came to within two or three hundred yards of the house, the boy drew up the mule at a turn in the avenue,

and the two gentlemen, who were extremely ceremonious, prepared, with the assistance of Mademoiselle Agathe, to put the finishing touches to their toilets.

Hidden behind a great chestnut tree, I was one day the indiscreet witness of this curious performance, which made me laugh till I cried, and which I straightway described to Marguerite.

The two old gentlemen — the elder was eighty-seven, his brother eighty-three—took off their coats and arrayed themselves in regulation swallow-tails. Then, removing their slippers, they put on, not without considerable difficulty, brilliant patent-leathers, and drew over their wrinkled hands corn-colored gloves of the most approved shade. But I was about to forget the most interesting detail. When their toilet was completed, Mademoiselle Agathe handed to each gentleman a beautiful little morocco case, which enclosed a set of false teeth of the very latest make. Ducoudray *ainé* and Ducoudray *cadet* delicately adjusted the machinery to their ancient jaws, and, somewhat rejuvenated by this bath of youth, they again took their places in the carriage, prepared to make a solemn entrance into the drawing-room at Mesnil. Zidore leapt to his seat, and the mule, roused by a good crack of the whip, dashed up the few remaining yards of the avenue in fine style.

The elder brother stepped first from the carriage (exactly the same ceremony was observed every Thursday) and presented to my aunt a bouquet of roses, violets, heather, or forget-me-nots, according to the season; while the younger, who was a poet, offered with a significant smile some verses—always a sonnet—sometimes to my aunt, who invariably put them in her pocket and never referred to them again, and sometimes to Marguerite, who was very much embarrassed by the attention, as she could not equivocate, and yet would have liked to give the old man pleasure. Then, again, the old gentleman would present his poem to the notary's lady, the colossal Madame Hardy, who used it for a fan during dinner. Even Mademoiselle Adèle was sometimes the recipient of the favor, in which case she blushed with pleasure, and carefully preserved the sonnet in her scrap-book, after paying the highest compliments to the author.

But all the guests have arrived, and it is now time for dinner.

Old Rose, jealous of her reputation as a cook, surpassed herself on Thursdays. The menu was carefully prepared, but there was little variety. We generally had vermicelli soup, partridges with cabbage, roast hare, game pie, vegetables from the garden, fruit and cakes, the whole washed down with the delicious wine of Anjou. On special days there would be solemnly placed upon the table a bottle of the famous wine of Charles X (1825), in which all drank the king's health except the doctor, who was a rabid Republican, and always protested—although his convictions did not carry him so far as to make him refuse the reactionary liquor. Outside of the hunting season, partridge gave place to chicken, and hare to beef or mutton.

After dinner the lords of creation and my aunt drank a glass of cognac, while the weaker sex and myself moistened our lips with a drop of inoffensive anisette.

As I had no companion of my own age, I must have found the dinner and the evening which followed stupid indeed, were it not that kind Providence had made me very observant. Besides, it must be acknowledged that our guests were most interesting subjects for study. Unconsciously they posed before me, week after week, for years, and I ended by knowing them through and through.[1]

What a curious type Maître Hardy was, the notary of Saint-Laurent! Stiff, cold, and formal, above the excitement of revolutions (valuable quality in these our days!), I imagine that Maître Hardy never either laughed or wept. One might well speculate as to whether the notary of Saint-Laurent had ever been young, or whether he had not rather come into the world at the prosaic age of five-and-forty. He spoke of the uprisings of June and of the bloodshed in the streets of Paris as imperturbably as he would draw up a marriage contract, or execute a will.

With unalterable patience, and without the least sign of annoyance, he bore with the variable moods of Madame Hardy, who was as lively and impetuous as he himself was calm and frigid.

In other respects, the pair were united and in perfect accord,

[1] Is it necessary to repeat that *all the proper names* occurring in this book are absolutely fictitious, with the exception of the names of a few historic characters of the wars of Vendée?

but, in order to bear with one another, both must have had that amount of patience which, to use the phrase of Buffon, "borders upon genius."

Maître Hardy related on more than one occasion, in his impenetrable manner, an adventure of his youth, which will, I think, give an adequate idea of the man. You know those old family stories, which do service so often, and which every one knows by heart. The narrator alone, in most cases, forgets that he has told his tale over and over again, and fails to perceive the look of recognition which creeps over the countenance of his hearers, as they see their old acquaintance looming up over the horizon.

But, to resume, Maître Hardy was completing his law course at Poitiers (he must have been twenty-two or three at the time), when, one day, he made a bet of twenty-five thousand francs with one of his friends, that he would take to Paris by the high road eighteen hares, letting them run free, and without tying them up, night or day.

The bet was accepted, and young Hardy set to work to carry out his plan. First of all, he trained carefully six dogs, whose duty it was to keep the hares together and head them in the right direction when they broke away. Then he spent six months training his eighteen little animals, in the fields and on the roads, first keeping them in leash and then gradually setting them free. One may imagine the endless pains it took to accustom those timid creatures to move together, not to be frightened by the carts and wagons which they encountered, and to pass to the right or left, to stop and start again at the word of command. At last, after six months of rehearsing, he set out on the highway from Bordeaux to Paris. Two dogs, side by side, followed the lop-eared battalion, two others served as flank escorts, and, finally, two mastiffs of very respectable size and strength formed the advance guard, and undertook to ward off those of their kind whose presence was likely to throw the caravan into confusion. Placide himself brought up the rear, watching the whole, anticipating every possible mishap, and directing his dogs by whistling.

In spite of all these precautions, he was a hundred times on the point of losing his bet. Now it would be a blockade of carts, impossible to foresee in time, which would throw the wild

troop into alarm and confusion; then they would meet unexpectedly with a herd of cattle or sheep, or mischievous schoolboys, standing at a safe distance, would throw stones into the midst of the ranks, or in a hundred other ways an unexpected panic was produced which scattered the hares to the four winds. Often it took hours, sometimes days, to gather them together again and resume the march. Any one but Placide would have abandoned the attempt, even at the cost of twenty-five thousand francs. But, as we have remarked, Providence had endowed him with incomparable patience, which obstacles served but to strengthen. He at last had the satisfaction, on August the first, 1824, of entering Paris with his eighteen hares, surrounded by the faithful dogs that had escorted them on the journey, amidst the indescribable enthusiasm of the spectators.

The loser, who had noted carefully the tactics and procedure of young Hardy during the trip, now gave free expression to his admiration, and invited his fortunate challenger, together with their common friends, to a grand dinner at the best restaurant in Paris. The poor hares formed the contents of an enormous pasty, which, after being tasted, was generously given over to the intelligent dogs, who had been such faithful guides. It was only just, for to them belonged a good portion of the glory.

At the end of the banquet, the young man who had lost his bet handed over to his opponent then and there the twenty-five notes of a thousand francs each, which were to be the foundation of his fortune. On that day Placide Hardy espoused fame, and on the rebound, Mademoiselle Sidonie. All the newspapers, liberal and conservative, resounded with his praises, and for a whole week through this widespread publicity he attracted much attention. Fond of adventure, and a lover of the marvellous, Mademoiselle Sidonie N—— became possessed with the idea that here was the husband of her dreams. Friends brought about a meeting, and relations were established between the two families. The young people were congenial, and Mademoiselle Sidonie, blinded by her lively imagination, did not perceive that her admirer, while possessed of very estimable qualities, was absolutely deficient in those with which she gratuitously endowed him. She hurried matters to such good purpose, that, a fortnight after

their first meeting, the marriage of the pair was celebrated. The bride added two hundred thousand francs to the modest nest-egg provided by the rabbits for their ungrateful master, so that young Hardy was at once in a position to buy the legal practice of Saint-Laurent, which was at that time for sale. For thirty years he had managed it with the same calm, undisturbed perseverance with which he had trained his hares, and, as patience is the first virtue necessary to the lawyer, his business was extremely successful.

As for poor Sidonie, time had stripped her of her illusions, and, although she sincerely loved her husband, she was forever proclaiming that she was a martyr, and that, for a woman with ideals, it was indescribable suffering to be tied for life to a man who was indifferent to all but the practical, as was her husband. She retailed her woes at the dinner-table every Thursday, and wound up by imploring her daughter to think well before casting in her lot for life with that of any man.

Mademoiselle Adèle, who was dying to get married, would answer in a lively manner that she had plenty of time to think about the matter, that she was in no such hurry as were some people whom she might mention, and that, moreover, it was possible that she might never be willing to change her state of life, etc. This did not prevent her being horribly jealous of Marguerite, who had had ten or twelve offers in the past year, to all of which she had replied that she was not thinking of marrying for the present. Adèle, let it be said, had yet to note the first advances of a suitor.

Whenever she came to Mesnil, she plied my sister with questions: "Monsieur So-and-so was here the other day, I know. I suppose it was to ask your aunt's permission to propose? The Comtesse de Saint-Julien stayed a whole hour at the rectory yesterday. I am quite sure she was asking the Abbé Aubry to persuade you to marry her son. Why don't you accept him? Are you so happy here at Mesnil? If I were you, I would be bored to death."

Marguerite had to summon all her patience and charity in order to bear with the persistence of the young girl. "Why," she would ask gently, "do you come to me with all these

questions? My aunt is the one to go to for that sort of information."

Then Adèle would get angry and accuse my sister of being proud, of being vain of her knowledge and of her accomplishments, of despising her equals, of wishing to pass for a saint so she might marry a duke or a marquis—and so on *ad infinitum*.

This unfortunate young woman seemed to have a gift for making herself disagreeable to everybody. She was the very type and pattern of the domestic tyrant, so harsh and exacting on every little point that her father and mother could never keep their servants for any length of time. The year before her daughter's marriage, Madame Hardy changed her maid six times. It was not altogether Adèle's fault either. She had been very badly brought up.

I fairly detested her because she was so cruel to animals. Marguerite, it may be remembered, had checked that fault in me, and ever afterwards I refused to tolerate it in others.

One fine day in summer, a note was brought over to Mesnil from Adèle, asking Marguerite if she might borrow the horse and phæton for an expedition which she proposed to make to a neighboring point. My sister was much annoyed by the request, but not knowing how to refuse she made the best of it, and gave Lexis instructions to harness Fanfan and take him over to the lawyer's house. Lexis had no sooner driven off than she said, "I wish I had refused. Adèle is a good girl, but she has not a particle of common sense."

That evening at nine o'clock Fanfan was sent back in a most deplorable state. He could scarcely stand, and we were afraid we would lose him. With care, however, we brought him round, and before long he was once more in good condition. Later we learned from the maid who had gone with her that the hare-brained Adèle had driven the poor beast sixty miles with scarcely any rest at all. Marguerite resolved to lend Fanfan no more, no matter how urgent the request, and she even warned Lexis never under any pretext to lend him to Mademoiselle Hardy during her absence.

Let me add, in order to dispose once for all of Adèle, that she

finally succeeded in marrying a marquis, though his title was of doubtful validity. His name was Arthur de Mendoza y Fuegos. (She had always aspired to the nobility!) This personage was neither more nor less than an adventurer, and when he had run through his wife's fortune he departed for America in the company of another woman, and was never heard of again. Poor Adèle returned to her parents more embittered, jealous, and discontented than ever. There was, to be sure, some consolation for her in the fact that for the remainder of her days she rejoiced in the sonorous title of Marquise de Mendoza y Fuegos, but this advantage did not, I am certain, console the notary, her father, for the loss of his good hard cash.

But let us return to our guests.

The "little Ducoudrays," as they were generally called, were unusual types. The elder, Antoine, whom his brother always addressed respectfully as "Ducoudray," enjoyed, in spite of his extreme age, the full possession of his mental faculties. His health was comparatively good, but he stooped very much when he walked, his head dropping nearly to the level of his waist. He spoke very deliberately, in a quavering voice, chopping off each syllable. Monsieur Auguste, the younger, was a little old man of eighty-three, wizened but straight as a broomstick. He had a sort of nervous affection which caused his head and limbs to shake, and made his speech one continuous tremolo.

The elder Ducoudray nearly always remained seated, his head and neck swathed in flannels and mufflers, while his brother circled convulsively about his chair, his little quivering head causing the immense stovepipe which served him as headgear to vibrate in a truly alarming manner.

Nothing could be more unique than the conversation of these two old men, who were so devoted to one another that they could not be happy apart.

One day, being in the adjoining room, I overheard what they were saying, and made good use of it afterwards, *enfant terrible* that I was. The older Ducoudray was asking his brother Auguste about the visit to Angers which he had made that morning.

"Where did you go, Auguste?" queried the old man, in his drawling voice, interrupted by little coughs.

"To Angers," exclaimed the explosive falsetto of Monsieur Auguste. "I walked through the Place du Pelican and passed the house of Mesdemoiselles Minet."

This name, it seems, awoke tender memories in the breast of the older man.

"Ah!" he replied in mournful tones, "Mesdemoiselles Minet! They were charming creatures, charming! They wore fresh flowers in their hair and on their gowns. They were charming! It was in 1802." Then, after a tender pause, "Do you remember, Auguste?"

"Heavens, Ducoudray! Do I remember!" trumpeted forth the younger man.

Then his brother repeated several times, "They were charming. Charming. That was in 1802."

The Ducoudrays, the elder especially, prided themselves on being literary connoisseurs, and in spite of the revolutions, they continued to be faithful admirers of the great age. La Bruyère was the favorite author of Monsieur Antoine, his pet volume of which he kept always within reach. One day Mademoiselle Agathe, their housekeeper, was putting her master's room in order when she came across a copy of the *Caractères*, and read several passages which, it appears, scandalized her exceedingly. She threw the book in the fire immediately, and when the old gentleman, after his little walk in the garden, searched in vain for his beloved book, and asked the housekeeper where she had put it, Mademoiselle Agathe's manner was so innocent that it was impossible to suspect her.

The same afternoon Marguerite went to see our venerable friends, and the housekeeper found an opportunity of confiding in her.

"Would you believe it, Mamzelle," she said in indignation, "I found an abominable book on Monsieur Ducoudray's table this morning. *Caractères*, by a certain Labourdinière. Perfectly horrid! I threw it in the fire, and he has been looking for it ever since."

Marguerite assured the respectable woman that she was alarmed without reason. She did not betray the confidence, but not long afterwards she sent as a present to Monsieur Ducoudray an edi-

tion of La Bruyère in large print, a delicate attention which touched our old friend very much.

And now we must pass on to Dr. Durand. He was a plant of the soil. His father and mother lived at Saint-Florent-le-Vieil before the great Revolution, and knew well my aunt's parents, Monsieur and Madame Dumoulin, of whom I spoke at the outset of these memoirs. Monsieur and Madame Durand were ardent Royalists, like most of the inhabitants of the country, and it was in bitter sorrow that they saw their son François embrace enthusiastically the cause of the Revolutionists. In 1793, when neighbors, friends and kinsmen were all joining the ranks of the Catholic and royal army, François went off to Angers, where he tendered his services to the Republic. At the same time he had no desire to shed the blood of his countrymen in Vendée, so he succeeded in being sent to the frontiers, where he fought the foreign foe. He took part in the principal campaigns of the Republic and of the Empire. In 1812 his wounds and ill-health contracted in the service forced him to resign. He had just reached the grade of Commandant. As his fortune was modest in the extreme, and he had a wife and children to support, he managed, by a great effort, to finish the course in medicine which he had begun as a young man, and established himself at Saint-Laurent, where, in spite of his reputation as a Revolutionist, he built up a practice sufficient for the needs of his family. Before very long he lost his wife and his four children. But, as he loved his profession, he continued to practise, although his pension would have sufficed for his support.

My aunt, while she hated the doctor's principles, retained her affection for the old friend of her childhood, and it was most amusing to see these two survivors of by-gone days engage in violent discussions in the course of which each anathematized the principles defended by the other. My aunt would hurl at François Durand the tender epithets of "old rascal" and "Republican dog," while the doctor, fed in his youth upon the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, saluted his dear friend by the gallant titles of "bigot," "visionary," "fanatic," and similar terms. Each week they parted vowing never to meet again, but the ensuing Thursday found them peaceably seated in the dining-room at Mesnil.

Doctor Durand was devoted to Marguerite, whom he called, in fun, his assistant. The truth is that she was a dangerous rival, but he was not jealous, for all that, for he loved her as his own daughter. My sister tried more than once to induce him to return to the practice of his religion, but he would shake his head and say, "Tut, tut, my little Guiguitte. A good deal of water will flow under the bridge of the Gemme before you get me into a confessional."

He was not impious. He believed in God and spoke His Name with reverence, but his ignorance was something incredible. One day he undertook to prove to Marguerite that our Lord Jesus Christ had merely reproduced the teachings of Mahomet. Of course she had no trouble in cornering him, which caused him no little chagrin.

It is unnecessary to present the pastor of Saint-Laurent, since we have already made his acquaintance. Ordained priest at twenty-three years of age, in 1793, he was at once appointed assistant in the little parish of Saint-Jean-les-Douves, in the district of Cholet. He followed the Catholic and royal army throughout the campaign in Vendée and beyond the Loire, hearing confessions, preaching, marrying, celebrating the Holy Sacrifice in the depths of the forest and in caves, absolving the wounded in the midst of shot and shell, everywhere administering, at the peril of his life, the consolations of religion. After the pacification of the provinces of the West, he returned to his diocese and was made pastor of Saint-Laurent. For fifty years he had served that obscure parish, without any desire of leaving it, although the Bishops who had succeeded one another in the see of Angers had pressed him to assume a charge more in accordance with his abilities. He was adored by his parishioners, to whom he was really a father. He had known them from their earliest childhood, had baptized them, prepared them for the Sacraments, blessed their marriages and now watched over the spiritual interests of their children. We often got him to talk on Thursday evenings after dinner about the great and terrible events which he had witnessed in the early days of his priesthood. He spoke of them freely, always, however, keeping in the background the part, often a heroic one, which he himself played in the history of those gloomy times.

I will let him relate in his own words some of the tales which used to make the long winter evenings pass so quickly for us.

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

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## THE POPE AND THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC.

IN endeavoring to show what impression our modern worship with its travesty of Church music makes upon the serious-minded outsider, I quoted in my last article a passage from Mr. Blackburn in *The Chord.* Here is another passage from the same writer:

"You [Catholics] can have a reasonably dignified church service without spending one stiver more upon the church choirs than you are now spending in order to obtain a result that is tawdry, frowsy, and ragged. . . . You have Miss A. singing duets with Miss B. to the words, 'Domine Fili Jesu Christe,' as if they were singing 'Oh, that we two were Maying,' or 'There's life in the old horse yet,' and to music which would disgrace a tenth-rate writer of music-hall songs.[1] Or, if it be a male choir, you hear thunderous basses without a note in tune, and emasculated tenors, . . . engaged over worrying the most solemn words of the Creed, as though they were prize dogs, and the Creed were a pack of rats."

A Catholic, writing in the Jesuit *Stonyhurst Magazine,* confesses:

"I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that of the immense number of religious sects at present existing in England, there is probably not one whose church music is not greatly superior, from the points of view of solemnity and devotion, to our own. This is a humiliating conclusion to come to; but for anyone who looks for correspondence between the music and the solemn act of worship which it is intended to pay to God Almighty in the church, it seems to be

[1] I have heard, and recently, Sunday after Sunday, in a large Dublin church, for all the Diocesan Commission, the most disheartening twaddle piped in female duets all through low Mass. And what it consisted of was *bits* of the "Gloria," *bits* of the "Credo." Such words! And such music! And such wilful rebels, or at least ignorant innocents! But, anyway, ignorance, which in moral matters extenuates the crime, is itself in intellectual matters a crime of the first magnitude.

the only possible conclusion. Putting aside all other sects, let us take as an example the Anglican Church. The music sung in the now Protestant cathedrals absolutely puts us, or ought to put us, to shame.[2] Where have we [now] anything like it? In what Catholic church can we hear music so completely in harmony with the prayer that is being offered up, as that rendered by those cathedral choristers? And yet their act of worship is, so to speak, fictitious; whereas we have the great unbloody Sacrifice offered up on our altars. Their empty celebrations are accompanied by chants which are soul-stirring and elevating, and assist the congregation to take active participation in the service. During our High Masses, on the contrary, we are performing pieces of an operatic character, very often scandalously light in style, orchestral symphonies which would have more fitting places in the concert hall, fugues, etc., which not only have no sort of correspondence with the words of the liturgy, but which, moreover, are eminently distracting to priest and people. . . . I do

[2] He might add that their exquisite chanting of Litany, Versicles and Responses is the echo of their once Catholic offices; and that their noble tradition, from Tallis, Byrde, and other composers of the sixteenth century, is Catholic. The Latin originals of Tallis' motets, and the music of Masses by Byrde, last Catholic organist of St. Paul's, are now published. "The composers of the English school, founded by Tallis, and lasting to our own day, are sometimes said to be losing their popularity. This would be a pity. The Established Church has been right well served by her musicians. The greatest names in the history of English music are those of the organists and choirmasters who have devoted their talents to the composition of anthems. Why should not some of these works be set to Latin words for the services of the Catholic Church? . . . Dignified, church-like, written in excellent form, of moderate difficulty and convenient length, these pieces should be welcomed by our precentors and choirmasters. . . . It should be remembered, moreover, that [at least] one or two of the founders of the school of Anglican Church music were Catholics!" So writes a reviewer in *The Month*, apropos of "*Cantica Sion*; or, English Anthems set to Latin Words." And it was when the Anglicans were false to their Catholic tradition that decent Mr. Evelyn wrote, like a pious gentleman—after Charles II's importation of an orchestra into the Chapel Royal to accompany the new solo anthems: "Instead of the ancient grave and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or playhouse than a church."

Were he writing his diary to-day, where would he take refuge? In St. Paul's certainly, rather than in Brompton Oratory; in Westminster Abbey rather than in Farm Street. But let us hope he would not miss the full-blown Romanism—gravity in art, without heterodoxy in doctrine—of Westminster Cathedral. May it convert all the Catholics in music, as all the heretics in religion.

not wish here to be understood as advocating the exclusive use of Plain Chant. . . . Let us, by all means, 'rejoice in the Lord' in our Church music. But I conceive that we can do so without resorting to profane style, or making a hideous noise."

Some examples of what is done, of what is being done to us in this year of Pope Pius' succession, have been given. What of the following? The disgusting things could be multiplied without number, from our so far non-Papal churches—non-Roman in one sense; yet the actual organists and choirs of Rome have fallen under a special Papal lash; and are already in full retreat. It would be a useless impertinence to ask what Pope and Church would think of these announcements below. But we should like to have an opinion from the denunciatory Pope of the Church Music Letter, if, next year, his children behave in the same way still.

"At the Church of ———, West ——— Street, New York, on Sunday, April 21 [1903], vespers will be celebrated at 8 o'clock, and a meeting of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Victories will be held. The musical programme will be as follows: Prelude, organ and orchestra, 'Pilgrim's March,' d'Archambaud; '*Dixit Dominus*,' quartette, Barnby; '*Laudate Pueri*,' Gregorian; '*Magnificat*,' quartette, D. Giorza; '*Meditation*,' violin and organ, Hauser; '*Unfold ye Portals*' (chorus by the St. ——— Academy), Gounod; '*Tantum Ergo*,' chorus, Rossi; Postlude, '*Festival March*,' Mendelssohn. The soloists are: soprano, Mrs. K——; tenor, Signor O. M——; alto, Miss M——; basso, M. J. Jean ——. The orchestra from the St. ——— Academy, under the direction of Prof. ——, will supplement the organ, at which Mme. —— will preside. The Rev. —— will preach. A procession in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes will be held."

"The feast of St. Veronica, February 4 [1903], was celebrated with all due honors at the Chapel of ———. At the Solemn High Mass, the musical programme included a prelude for the violin and organ (Handel) by Messrs. ——. The Mass was Haydn's Third, sung by the Misses ——, sopranos; the Misses ——, and Mrs. ——, and Mrs. ——, contraltos; Messrs. ——, tenors; and Messrs. ——, basses; with a full chorus by the pupils of the ——— Training School. In the afternoon Giorza's Vespers were sung, with Gounod's '*O Salutaris*,' and Silas' '*Tantum Ergo*.' For recessional, '*Jerusalem the Golden*' was rendered."

And in Canada:

"Sunday, 18th inst., he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. . . . The choir did splendid service under the able leadership of Miss ———, the efficient organist, assisted by Miss ———, Miss ———, and Mr. ———, violinists, Mr. ———, base (*sic*) violinist, and Mr. ———, cornetist. Miss ——— distinguished herself as usual, singing the Agnus Dei in superb voice. Miss ——— would be an attraction in any choir or Concert Co. in the land."[3]

If we do not want to prove anything else about the suffering Church, we certainly seem to want to prove that some of her children excel in vulgarity.

We wonder whether even the far-seeing Pope, and listening to all the world, contemplated worshippers, at a church served by Religious, being handed the following:—

MUSICAL PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

Organ—"Toccata" . . . . . Boely

*Beads and Sermon.*

"The Passion" . . . . . Haydn

*Introduction.*

No. 1—Choral—"Father, forgive them"[4] . . Haydn
Chorus and quartet—"Lamb of God". . . . Haydn
Soloists: Mrs. ——, Miss ——, MM. —— and ——.
No. 2—Choral—"Verily I Say Unto Thee". . Haydn
Chorus and Quartet—"Lord Have Mercy" . Haydn
Soloists: Mrs. ——, Miss ——, MM. —— and ——.

*Benediction.*

Chorus—"Sanctus" . . . . . Neukom
Bass Solo with Chorus—"Sub tuum" . . . . d'Anjou
Soloist: Mr. ——
Tenor Solo with Chorus—"Tantum Ergo" . W. Reed
Soloist: Mr. ——
Finale Organ—"Fanfare" . . . . . Barnes

[3] Perhaps that should read, rather: "*other* Concert Co."

[4] As an introduction, these words might perhaps seem to be less unsuitable than other items in the programme.

> *N.B.*—Mass for "All Saints," Nov. 1st, Farmer's B♭, Mass; for the Feast of the "Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M.," Gounod's "St. Cecilia." In preparation for Xmas, Marzo's 3d Solemn Mass, with full string orchestra.

If that sort of ecclesiastical naturalism is not, Pope Pius may well say, a calling upon me to purge the temple, I am no true Father of the misled faithful.

"We read," says that Pope's man, the editor of *Catholic Book Notes*, "in the *Franciscan Annals*, that at the Mass of Deposition 'at the recent Forty Hours, at ———, Mr. ———, the famous tenor, sang beautifully an *O Salutaris* after the elevation.' The same number contains an article on 'Loyalty to the Church,' in which obedience to the Hierarchy is duly insisted on, and loyalty is claimed as a conspicuous feature of the Franciscan character. This being so, we would call the attention of the good Fathers to a passage in the Thirteenth Decree of the Fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster (1873), which runs: 'Rectors of churches should not themselves publish in the papers, nor allow any one else to do so, accounts savoring of the theatre, and criticisms as to the ability and style of the singers, just as is the practice in connection with the stage.'"

That is worth requoting, in the present state of our church manners; for did anyone ever doubt, if he knew anything, what Rome would have to say to that church-theatre chat, or to our puffs before a great Feast of the Christian year, in a Christian city like Montreal, for instance, about a "choir of mixed voices, according to composer's desire, 150 voices; one of the finest Masses ever produced"? And about another "splendid choir, of ——— church," which "will render the Mass they so acceptably gave at Christmas, with the same soloists, as follow . . . "? "At 7.30 P.M., a grand musical Benediction has been prepared, Mr. ——— will conduct, Mr. ——— will preside at the organ. . . . Professor ——— will play the March from Tannhäuser." These are official notices, mind you. "Clearly, we are *not*, in England, as bad as might be." For never, there, did the most impious Catholic, or Protestant, I believe, go on quite like that, and go on again the next time, and the next. It is not ludicrous,

because it is pitiful. But were the Church what those people would make her out to be, she might vanish from this world, and no serious soul would be any the worse. We wonder—in our rather silly way—that sons of toil, "lapsed masses," as we call them, do not take the trouble to pay to go to hear "the Prima Donnas of the Easter Morning Music," eleven *décolletées* ladies whose pictures appeared last year (in Holy Week) in a Boston "Catholic" paper. Perhaps it might be respect for Christ that would suggest to a Socialist to keep away from such performances. They would certainly confirm me, were I an outsider, in the belief that whatever Christianity was, its day is done; that its idea of God and things created, and of man and his destiny, must be cheap trifling, fit for the idle, the frivolous, the selfish, but with no message for men who hope and work to help fellowmen, in this world, if not in the next.

I happend to see a letter from a disheartened layman, a man who studies Church music—but at his home. When on an engineering journey he went to a High Mass in a Canadian cathedral. "Instead of their singing the *Gradual*, the organist played *in slow time* a waltz strain from one of our latest comic operas. At the end of a furious *Credo* they sang 'Amen, Amen, A-men-men-men, A-men-men, A-men.'" How it recalls many a Sunday penance, of sickly sound and brutal. "But I rarely attend High Mass," says even a less musical, devout man, "because of the irreligious music. While I am not competent to criticise, I feel that it is undevotional and distracting." And a correspondent in *The Tablet* (London) protests: "Since I have been a Catholic I have never heard a Gregorian service to come up to . . . We seem to prefer to outrage Mozart and Haydn with a 'Cock and Hen' choir in an organ loft."

How edifying, finally, that "congregation and priests left the building to the moving strain of Mendelssohn's 'War March of the Priests?'" Newman says of "the muscular Christian" that it would make no difference to him if he woke up some morning and found he was a Mohammedan. If organists wished to make us go to sleep feeling that it would make no matter if we were pagans, they could not, to close our Sunday, play what is more suited to drive all Christianity out of us, than this roaring of absurd

insults at the Crib and the Altar, for which the sacred rite and priestly words had urged us to keep a place in our hearts, weak yet longing for help. "Enfin," wrote Montalembert,

"avant de sortir des églises, il faut bien consacrer quelques mots à une classe spéciale de vandales qui y ont élu domicile, c'est-à-dire des organistes. Si c'est un crime d'offenser les yeux par des constructions baroques et ridicules, c'en est un, assurément, que d'outrager des oreilles raisonnables par une prétendue musique religieuse qui excite dans l'âme tout ce qu'on veut, excepté des sentiments religieux, et d'employer à cette profanation le roi des instruments. Spécialement à . . . les organistes se rendent coupable de ce crime. Règle générale, toutes les fois qu'on invoquera le secours si puissant et si nécessaire de l'orgue pour compléter les cérémonies du culte, toutes les fois qu'on verra affiché sur le programme de quelque fête que l'orgue sera touché par M. . . . , on peut être d'avance sûr d'entendre quelques airs du nouvel opéra, des valses, des contredanses, des tours de force, si l'on veut, mais jamais un motet vraiment empreint de sentiment religieux, jamais une de ces grandes compositions des anciens maîtres d'Allemagne ou d'Italie ; jamais surtout une de ces vieilles mélodies catholiques, faites pour l'orgue, et pour lesquelles seules l'orgue lui-même est fait. Je ne conçois rien de plus grotesque et de plus profane à la fois que le système suivi par les organistes de . . . Leur but semble être de montrer que l'orgue, sous des mains habiles comme les leurs, peut rivaliser avec le piano de la demoiselle du coin, ou avec la musique du régiment qu'on entend passer dans la rue. Quelquefois ils descendent plus bas, et un jour de Pâques, 18—, on a entendu au salut un air fort connu des buveurs, dont les premières paroles sont :

Mes amis, quand je bois,
Je suis plus heureux qu'un roi.

On voit que ce n'est guère la peine pour Mgr. l'Archevêque d'interdire la musique de théatre dans les églises, puisque les organistes introduisent de la musique de cabaret.

"Il y a longtemps cependant que ces abus, si patiemment tolérés aujourd'hui,[5] sont proscrits par l'autorité compétente."

He quoted, too, from the seventeenth century, a French archbishop: "Enfin, nous défendons d'envoyer ou d'afficher des pro-

[5] Montalembert lived before Pius X.

grammes pour inviter les fidèles à des musiques dans les églises, comme à des pièces de théatre ou à des spectacles." And half way between that day and ours an English priest thought "the taste of our Catholics in general for Church music is too vitiated, or perhaps rather totally corrupted by opera music and fiddling jigs, ever to relish serious tones." We to-day, therefore, are not alone unhappy. The stream has long been choked. But that is no reason, says Pope Pius, for standing on the bank, looking on; I shall dredge it out! be sure of that! The Pope needs, however, what St. Basil says the world does not well understand, "the courage of a Catholic Bishop;" he has to clear out what is natural, base, and deep-rooted.

But with him he has, of course, the Catholic Episcopate. Bishops may not have seen their way to enforce their decrees. But we know what German dioceses have done; where Church music, in its revival, seems to echo the new Catholic life and strength. Belgium, too, had its great reunion last year of men of all countries, who were both Catholics and musicians, under her Bishops. The English Bishops have published decrees. The Archbishop of Paris has enforced reform. The Archbishop of Dublin has a diocesan commission. Maynooth, in Ireland, and Oscott, in England, train hundreds of priests in good music. American Bishops in Council have reminded their priests of the claims of the Church's chant. And individual Bishops here have not been silent. Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, in a circular letter to the clergy, now writes the following, for instance: "The question of singing in the vernacular at funerals has often been brought to the attention of the clergy. As far as we know, our clergy desire the Church regulations concerning this matter to be observed strictly and to the letter. But among the laity there are many filled with vain notions not calculated to improve on Church Ritual, desiring only to have a concert or musicale of their own over the dead. Frequently, too, it is the work of an over-zealous singer who wishes, for his or her own glory, to acquire a little notoriety in entertaining a church audience by throwing in here and there a piece of music more suitable for a concert hall. From continuous pressure brought on the priest, he tires in his opposition, and allows the singing of hymns or songs in the vernacu-

lar.[6] With all the authority vested in us, we forbid such abuses, and direct our clergy not to allow any such in the church or in the cemetery. The Roman Ritual and Gradual are complete, and need no addenda for funerals, either from us or from the people."

A priest had written in THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW imploring help or guidance against the custom, born of non-Catholic thoughts of death, of singing foolish songs at funerals.

Still, in justice to the erring laity, another priest remarks: "Is not this rather a strange thing to read of—at the funeral of a priest? Recently this well known priest died; and at the Requiem Mass (where at least two bishops were in the sanctuary and two hundred priests) we read that a certain often heard song was sung: 'After the *Libera*, Mr. —— sang *Calvary*.' This is a piece of music that might do for Salvation Army marching. We bear with it in well-disposed parlors. But really it is a joke to force simultaneously on the mind the Holy Sacrifice, with the *Libera me, Domine;* and then, this song. It is just as irreverent as what we imagine is revival' ranting—well enough in its place. Its place is not near a Catholic Altar of God. Then, after the funeral, there was another wretched incongruous mixture. The sentimental 'Freemasonry'—we use the term advisedly—of popular American Universalism found its expression in what we read of as follows: 'The quartette sang *Rest, Spirit, Rest.*' We all know the sort of thing—sweetly pretty, and profane. Life is not a hymn; it is a struggle. Death is not a passing, with pride and vanity, into an elysium to which we do credit, as it were, by our visiting. It is far otherwise; as common sense says, and as is taught by the Catholic religion. However, this quartette—with a sort of parting respectful bow to Catholicism and the fear of God—added the *De Profundis* after its 'Freemason' (shall we not say, essentially Pagan?) nonsense. This is the way to undermine the real religion of Calvary."

Against the Unitarian hymn, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, one Catholic paper of New York said it had given up the fight as

[6] And such hymns! For instance, that concertina street tune, to the sickly "*Take me*"; last, in the *Catholic Youth's Hymn-book*. And people that write such things are said to believe in Purgatory! God help them!

useless. If not because it is Unitarian, yet because it is too expressive of useless pietism, it is out of place in Catholic worship; bearing, indeed, toward strong Gregorian indifference to sentiment, the relation our be-stuccoed rococo churches bear to the massive arches and roofs of Norman and Gothic stone. Our degeneracy is all of one piece.

Would any one take this for healthy old Catholicism?—with all due respect to the venerated author:—"As I entered, there was a whispering in the gallery overhead; and the little village choir, seeing a priest, thought they should manifest some piety and good works. They sang *Nearer, My God, to Thee.* I listened; and it sounded very sweetly and very appropriate there in that calm summer twilight."

The fact of it is, as said Cardinal Wiseman, on Prayers and Prayer Books (p. 15), that—

"The ancient prayers [and chant] partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited. They retain the echoes of the gloomy catacomb; they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas; they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty groined arches. The Church's sorrows and her joys, martyr's oblation, and confessor's thanksgiving, anchorite's sigh, and virgin's breathing of love—all are registered there. He that would muse over a skull has his *Dies irae;* she that would stand at the foot of the Rood, her *Stabat Mater;* and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion.* Nor has the Church at any time lost her power of prayer, her mastery over the harp of David; but silent and unstrung as it may for a long space appear, she has only to attune it when she lists, and strike it, and it brings forth the same sweet, soothing notes as at the beginning."

In these days when even non-Catholics are going back to the old Catholic prayers and hymns and ceremonies, as if ravished by their very beauty,[7] shall we be content to be deprived of this part

[7] The *Pilot* (London), in an article as to abuses in Anglican Church services, says: "We should be shocked if modern arts of stage management were applied to the ceremonies of worship; and so we ought to be shocked when we hear *Credos* and *Kyries* sung to strains of the bastard French opera school. The thing, if it were nothing worse, is an anachronism. But as we follow the line of musical develop-

of our inheritance, or allow it to lapse into oblivion? Or shall we not rather say with the Psalmist, applying his words to the City of God on earth, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I make not Jerusalem [*i.e.*, the Church and the Church's ways] the beginning of my joy"? As the founder of a true choir in Dublin pro-Cathedral confesses, he learnt all his thought of the beauty of Catholic art and music, not from Catholicism, as he saw it, but from his sojourn at Christ Church, Oxford, that great foundation of the last days of Catholic England. How much better to spend money, as Pope Pius directs, on those *Scholae Cantorum*—and think of the heavenly sounds coming from such old Catholic foundations, as they live on in Protestant English cathedrals and colleges to-day—than on the patronizing of operatic singers to break Church laws, on hideous church decoration by contract, on passable stained glass, which if not best is bad, on statues which are simply monstrous, on huge pews which make a church look like an upholsterer's wareroom, and which architecturally are a grossly offensive substitute for light benches or chairs, and finally, on gigantic organs, the means of ruining the singing.

If we began at the beginning, in school, in convent, in seminary, and had more of the simple and true spirit of art whose foe is luxury, we should be, what it is our right and our duty to be, the guardians and patrons of what is at once beautiful and true. All of which is intimately connected with our own confessed parlous state in Church music. The present Archbishop of Dublin, himself, who—as also the Assistant Bishop—has been a faithful precursor of the Pope in striving to silence bad music, preached at an organ dedication that

"Everything about a church ought to be of the best; not necessarily in the sense of its being the most costly, but in the sense of its

ment *backwards*, we find two points at which it comes to a kind of focus in forms of dignity and austere beauty, which are most suitable for association with religious ceremonies. Plain song (Gregorian) is, after all, the obvious and perfect satisfactory musical vehicle for our forms of worship. It is at once so bare and so beautiful, so restrained and so austere, that it obtrudes nothing, but is capable of receiving everything. Only one other kind of music, far different in scope, but springing directly from plain song, is also perfectly adapted for the more magnificent commemorative acts of worship—the German *Chorale*."

being the best of its kind, and of a kind that is good. . . . This holds for the pictures, statuary, stained-glass windows, the carving of the woodwork, the mosaic work, or the tiling of the floor. *It would be better, surely, to have none of these things in a church than to have them not good of their kind.* . . . Nothing but good can come of the sound principle that whatever we are to have of art-work in our churches should be really artistic, and that between what is merely mechanical and what is artistic—even though the art be of the simplest and most elementary form—there is a difference that in a sense is infinite. . . . *This is preëminently true of the organ.* . . . Though it has a solemn religious purpose to fulfil, it ought to be an instrument worthy of that purpose. . . . And we cannot shut our ears to the profane or worldly music that comes from the organ; when, too often, in the hands of a performer wholly unconscious of the essential difference that there is in character between the music of the concert hall or theatre and the music of the church." [8]

And now in order to judge better about these things, in order to have renewed within us a clear spirit in art, so intimately connected with that right judgment, we shall be entering into ourselves, and, if we are wise, shall be pondering well what the Pope has said, and shall run before him to obey. I venture to recommend a little Catholic Truth Society penny pamphlet [9] by the priest who, until his resignation in January from ill-health, had been directing the services at Westminster Cathedral—*The Revival of Liturgical Services*, by Prebendary Kirwan. He quotes a writer's astonishment that Catholics should be found to set their fancy devotions against the Divine Office. "We are told that Vespers are not popular, that the people do not understand Latin, and do not like Gregorian, and so on *ad nauseam*." And the writer answers: "Is the Church wrong," she who has ordered what you "do not like"? Yet surely he should also answer—even for those who are not misrepresented as grumblers—why is Gregorian

[8] Bull of Urban VIII, at the beginning of the Breviary: "Divinam Psalmodiam sponsae consolantis in hoc exilio absentiam suam a sponso coelesti, decet esse non habentem rugam, neque maculam; quippe cum sit ejus hymnodiae filia, quae canitur assidue ante Sedem Dei et Agni, ut illi similior prodeat, nihil, quantum fieri potest, praeferre debet, quod psallentium animos, Deo ac divinis rebus, ut convenit, attentos, avocare alio et distrahere possit."

[9] 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London.

chant often so horribly sung, higgledy-piggledy, with no rhythm, even free, and with such braying noise, and such barbarous accompaniments? And why are the people not instructed in the use of office and chant? Why are not efforts made everywhere to give them the books they are willing enough to buy[10]—Missal, Vesper book, Holy Week book, or the American Bishops' Manual of Prayers? There are surely not many priests who would say: Do not give the laity books; they would be only too particular, and would notice mistakes. One would like to see that priest face Leo XIII or Pius X. Lastly, why are not our children also taught more of chant and office? The *New York Freeman's Journal* declares: "It is a remarkable fact that in our religious schools, colleges, and kindred places of education, the treasures of the liturgy are almost unknown." Truly remarkable. Not much wonder, therefore, when another American writer laments that "the sorrow and mortification is that so few Catholics take the trouble to understand this liturgy or to enter into its spirit." But, indeed, all must bear the blame together; for "there are a considerable number of churches in London and elsewhere in England where not one word of the Church's service is heard from the First Sunday in Advent till the last after Pentecost, with the one exception of the Mass."[11] How often are Vespers heard in Ireland? How often in parts of America?

Mr. Wm. F. Markoe, himself an organist and choirmaster in the archdiocese of St. Paul, declares: "Then, too, it is delightful to hear our Holy Father pleading for the revival of that well-nigh lost [in the United States] liturgical service of the Church called Vespers. It is the flippant and trifling musical substitute for Vespers and for the forgotten art of chanting the Psalms according to the seasons and festivals of the year, that have caused that beautiful service to sink into oblivion. That the people generally would welcome the revival of this time-honored service I can affirm from recent personal experience. In one of our large city churches, where it was announced that liturgical Vespers for the

[10] Complete Holy Week books can be had of Burns and Oates, London, for nine cents. Almost complete Missals and Vesper books for the same price. Even those better printed and complete are not expensive in either America or England.

[11] *Revival of Liturgical Services*, p. 3

Dead would be celebrated on the evening of All Souls' Day, the church was packed as never before on a weekday not of obligation."

"It is a sad reflection that many of our Anglican High Church brethren are familiar with the psalms and the old Latin hymns, and the marvellous melodies the Church has set to them; and that to many of us they are entirely strange," is another very pertinent remark of the Westminister priest. But have we not — while Anglican youths study some liturgical history, and con their prayer-books, more or less—heard our Catholic youths brought out day after day to recite the Rosary, during one day's Mass after another? the effect of which, whatever it be, is certainly not to encourage a knowledge of the liturgy. And as one priest says, who does not like having hymn-twaddle sung at him during Low Mass, with no relation to the day or feast, "It is, in other places, thought rude to interrupt."

How may matters be partially mended?

"First,"—such is Prebendary Kirwan's counsel—"begin with the children in our schools. It is ordered by a decree of the Provincial Synods of Westminster, that the children in our schools should be taught the Church music in order that they might be able to sing at our services . . . and in order that gradually the whole congregation might be got to join in the singing. Where is this carried out in anything like an effectual and systematic fashion? And why should it not be?

"Second, I should suggest that the children should be taught in the schools the meaning of the words of the *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei;* and that these, and not hymns in English, which have little or nothing to do with the liturgy, should be sung by them at the Children's Mass—especially that they should be taught to sing the *Credo* in plain chant. I never could see why in this way the whole congregation should not be got to join in singing the Mass service, in the same way in which they commonly sing the Benediction service."[12]

"Third—*Proprium Missae*—let it be explained.

"Fourth—spread Missal and Vesper books among the laity.

[12] In England, that is; where, for Benediction, even a small congregation will dispense with a choir. But it is not so with us.

"Fifth—get volunteers to sing, and to hold practices.

"Sixth—use liturgical hymns; perfectly translated, as by Neale.

"Seventh—strive for united action of choirs; at whose festivals real Church music would be well sung and made known to the people. In this way Catholics in this country would have a chance of getting their musical taste educated and formed, by hearing sometimes the kind of music which the Church has pointed out as the style she wishes to be cultivated for use in her services. (P. 12.)[13]

"Next [he goes on], as regards the popularity of vernacular services. I hold this in most cases to be a fond delusion. Anything more feeble and dismal than the singing of English hymns, such as we are at present afflicted with, I cannot imagine; speaking at least from my own experience. Certainly, no intelligent Protestant could be drawn to our churches by our popular hymnology. . . . With a few notable exceptions, the English hymns now in common use in our churches appear to me to be either forced and strained in sentiment, or else somewhat mawkish and sentimental in tone."

And, among ourselves, can anything be more unsatisfactory to every instinct—artistic, liturgical, historical, soundly religious—appealed to by the Pope, than a collection like that *Catholic Youth's Hymn Book* of the Christian Brothers, so widely used in the United States and in Canada, and so discreditable to scholarship in letters and in music? Its popularity is a sign that our well-meaning young men and women, whose home music is trash, feel quite prepared for a Church choir, where they find nothing to learn, nothing on a higher level than their own understanding. If they have a contempt for the Church's worship such as they know it—and they know what treatment it gets at their hands—what wonder? For who would not despise a teacher who was satisfied with our most careless and most slovenly ways? The people, when uncorrupted, have more of a Catholic instinct, more of the true taste, perhaps, than think the half-educated. I know that in Ireland simple-minded people will not believe you, that Irish melodies are played, nay, sung in church. Yet a Catholic paper on our side of the ocean could write that "the exquisite

[13] A letter was addressed by the Catholic Association to all the choirmasters in London, inviting the coöperation of themselves and their choirs on the occasion of the Catholic Choirs' Festival, held at the Queen's Hall, on Monday, March 7, 1904, when Gounod's *Gallia* was heard, as well as motets by Palestrina.

music of the *Harp of Tara* seems to express admirably the devotional sentiments of the *Ave Maris Stella*." Which had the instinct and mind of the Church? What that paper also absurdly called "Mozart's beautiful and really pious Twelfth Mass" —no more Mozart's than it is Handel's—and what it describes as "Lambillotte's grand Proses"—for which, and all the rest of his riot in music, may the good Jesuit be forgiven—were part of the music introduced once among a Plain Chant congregation, and, by the *poor*, grumbled against, as changing their cathedral into a theatre. These poor were the true children of the Church, which is misrepresented in higher places, but not in the Chair of Peter. Even the poor in Ireland—indeed those above mentioned were Irish emigrants—in that country where liturgical tradition was cut into so deeply; even there, the late Father Cooke, O.M.I., told that when he heard a French Father come and sing Vespers, and chant properly the *Benedicamus Domino*, he made the remark, to himself, "he's a fool." Yet not one of the people laughed: which was what the Irish Father expected, he said; and so he added, "perhaps he's not such a fool as I thought." The poor people had a Catholic feeling for the noble chant which they then first heard, and which our vain-minded choirs will sometimes not have the common decency to answer, when a priest chants it from the altar.

As we come back to say, and cannot but repeat, some of us English-speaking Catholics have much to learn. For them, the Church's ceremonies and liturgy, if they in their narrow experience and miscultivated minds know nothing thereof, are matters of such small importance that they will neglect what they may see Catholics of other speech perform. But it is they themselves whose spirit is despicable. And since we are discussing these things in English, it is our own shortcomings on which it behoves us to look. Let us measure ourselves by the Pope's explicit directions, and not only so, but by the spirit of all that he implies, to the which it should be a happiness and an honor to conform. Then the Church would be really the Church. What a change there would be; what a blessed change! What a help to souls; what a guide to those within, to those without. All *that*, the Church, in her worship, would wish to be allowed to be. What

pride we might have in her courts; were she but free to move in them as she would. And to sum up on this matter (concerning which our Holy Father feels so deeply, and has thought so long), these also were among his words when still Patriarch of Venice—if we are guilty, they are words of warning, not to say of fear—"Religious music must, through melody, incite the faithful to devotion; and it must possess these three qualities—holiness, artistic worth, and universality. For this reason, any light, trivial, or theatrical music . . . must be forbidden in the churches." Such music, he said, is "artifical in the solo numbers and sensational in the choruses." "It deserves," he continued, "the reproach Christ made to the money-changers in the temple: 'My house is the house of prayer, and you have made it a den, of thieves.'"

Some simple and useful publications may be named: From Burns and Oates, London: *A Discourse on Church Music:* by Archbishop Ullathorne. *History and Growth of Church Music:* by Father Taunton.

The London Catholic Truth Society, whose publications can be had from the International C. T. S., 373 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and elsewhere in America, also offer, at a penny:—*Church Music*, A Pastoral Letter, by Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., of Newport, who, in his new book, *A Bishop and his Flock*, has written on the responsibility of his office in this matter; *Our Church Music: What it is and what it ought to be*, by W. Jacobskötter; *Church Music:* The thirteenth decree of the fourth Provincial Council of Westminster; and at sixpence:—*Ecclesiastical precepts in reference to Catholic Church Music for the guidance of choirmasters and organists*, by Provost Mitterer, a German priest; with the Bishop of Liverpool's approbation. The Society now publishes a Church Music Series of Gregorian Masses at a penny each.

Nearer home we have:—

*A Guide in Catholic Church Music* (Fischer, Pustet, Herder, Benziger, $1.00), by order of the First Provincial Council of Milwaukee and St. Paul, with preface by Bishop Marty, declaring the will of the Council of Baltimore, enjoining the singing of the Proper of the Mass and the Proper of Vespers; and urgently wishing that the rectors, teachers, organists, and directors of choirs select the sacred

music for the use of churches and schools from the catalogue thus approved. "In looking over this Guide, not a few may wonder," Bishop Marty wrote, "why the compositions of the great masters, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, etc., are omitted. First, because, like so many others of minor note, *they disregard the rules of the Church prohibiting the repetition of the priest's intonation at the 'Gloria' and 'Credo,'* and other unseemly repetitions or curtailments of the sacred text; and, secondly, because the composers primarily, and sometimes exclusively, intended the display of their talent und the musical enjoyment of the audience. . . . Sublime and touching as many of these compositions are, they would fulfil their real purpose if heard in the concert hall, or even in the church, outside the time of the liturgical functions. It would be a praiseworthy undertaking, if the choirs of our cathedrals and other city churches would revive the custom of holding from time to time oratorios or sacred concerts, where the lovers of music . . . might enjoy with undivided attention and unalloyed pleasure the grandeurs and beauties of the art, which in Church music must act as handmaid, whilst in [other] sacred music it is admired as a heaven-born queen." But this *Guide* gives a large field to work in; seeing that some 750 Masses are named, and not less than 4,500 other pieces of Church music, which also are in accordance with the Roman laws, on fitness, perfect words, and length. The pieces are marked easy, medium, or difficult. The music approved by the Grand Rapids Diocesan Commission is also thus marked.

The Cincinnati Commission has issued official *Catalogues of Church Music* (Cincinnati: Keating & Co. $0.25). They contain hundreds of compositions accepted and approved. The reasons for rejecting others are given, according to Rome's direction.

The Dublin Diocesan Commission published a list of music (Dublin: Gill & Co., sixpence). The pieces in this list also are marked as to easy or difficult. "The abuse of omitting the Proper of the Mass and of Vespers" is to be abolished. Of course the Church's Roman rules are noted; described as "Synodal (1879) Regulations for the guidance of this Commission," without whose approval no music is to be sung in churches or in chapels. As to the organ: "military marches, operatic overtures, and sentimental airs" are never to be played.

Lastly, one would not omit, though somewhat dearer, Dickinson's admirable and sympathetic *History of Western Church Music*. The

work of a professor at Oberlin College, it would be crowned by Pope Pius X. *Romanior Romanis*—alas!

W. F. P. Stockley.

*Halifax, N. S.*

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## TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE.

IT is the fashion of many Catholic writers, particularly those whose personal or social relations have largely been confined to favorite French chapels, convents and confraternities, to describe the bulk of the population of France as made up of God-fearing people, of confiding trustfulness, betrayed in their dearest rights and most cherished liberties by an unworthy clique of Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons who have obtained control of all branches of the government and of every detail of State administration. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this erroneous impression, however sincerely it may be entertained. The Government of France is precisely what a majority of the voting males of the nation have made it, either through the political divisions of the respectable opposition, indifference, or inactivity of those who share their views, or the actual religious apostasy, formal or moral, of a majority of the electors. All these factors, really, have combined to bring about the religious crisis through which France is now passing.

Certain moral causes of this crisis, not flattering to national pride and rarely touched upon by Frenchmen, as contributing to the order of events, are, nevertheless, necessary to a full understanding of the existing situation. A decay of faith has alone made these events possible. Take any given year of recent times and study the plots of every play and opera brought out, during the year, upon the Parisian stage; often produced, later, in the provinces and, perhaps, adapted to the American stage, after such modifications as are required by different standards of public decency. How many of them, in plot and action, hinge upon one immoral theme, ever recurring; and upon what theme? It is unnecessary to give the answer to anyone who has lived even six months in France, or to mention it to those who have read American reviews of transplanted comedies.

Study the art world of Paris, its studios and schools, and the degradation of womanhood (or girlhood) that is notoriously a concomitant of art life in Paris. View the product turned out from Parisian studios by men of many nations, moulded, however, by the French school of modern art, particularly in sculpture, as you see it in the Luxembourg and in the annual salons. Compare such work with the chaste nudities of the galleries of the Vatican and of the Italian government. Which school of art shows more marked evidences of national decadence, that of pagan Greece and Rome, or that of the France of to-day? It will be objected that Paris is not the whole of France. Quite true, but Paris sets the standard of public taste for all France, and the artists of Paris are drawn from various provinces of the country. A perusal of seventy per cent. of French fiction of the last twenty years will demonstrate that it is more or less saturated with immorality, in ever increasing proportion, and, moreover, it is not normal immorality, but that of ancient Greece and of Lesbos.

Finally, to know the France of to-day it is necessary to peruse the works of French medical writers, like Doctors Garnier and Martineau and others quoted by them. The conjugal relations, as there revealed, imply a state of affairs that probably has no parallel elsewhere in Christendom. All ranks of social life are drawn upon to form these studies of a dying nation. Free-thinkers desire to tear out, root and branch, a Christianity they have been taxed to support and which a majority (of the men, at least), have ceased to practise, as medical researches indirectly but effectively demonstrate.

Free-thinking Radicals and Socialists of France differ, however, from unbelievers or agnostics of every other race and nation. Not only will the French sceptic have naught of Almighty God himself, but no one else in France is to be allowed to have any part or lot with Him, if Radicals and Socialists can prevent or hamper it. For that reason alone do I presume to attack them, by a plain statement of the events that have followed the adoption of the Law on Associations, given, wherever possible, in chronological order.

Every sign and symbol of the Christian faith is an affront to those who deny God and His Church to themselves and, as far

as possible, to their neighbors also. Even the Cross of Christ is considered repugnant to "Republican" ideas, in that monstrous perversion of terms that have in the United States a noble meaning and significance. Thus, in Arles, on August 24, 1901, the Municipal Council, presided over by the Mayor, adopted a resolution to have all crosses upon the public highways, streets, squares, and promenades lowered without delay. The decent portion of the population hoped that the resolution might remain a dead letter. In this they were disappointed. Crosses previously standing upon the Place of the Holy Spirit, and the Place Lamartine were taken down. This aroused the indignation of the women, a delegation of whom called upon the Mayor of Arles. That functionary displayed what some thought a certain sense of decency, and what others regarded as showing the white feather. The Mayor promised the women that he would resubmit the question to the Municipal Council and that, meanwhile, the other crosses would be allowed to remain standing. This action of the Mayor was evidently considered by voters almost as a betrayal of trust. Apostate Catholics had elected an anti-religious Municipal Council, and they desired that the wishes of this disreputable majority should be respected. Christmas week was selected by "free-thinkers" of Arles as an appropriate time for taking the law in their own hands. On the night of Saturday before Christmas of 1901, the weather being stormy and the night dark, these "free-thinkers," either with their own hands, or by assistance of municipal workmen, tore down the crucifixes and crosses in every street and public square of Arles. Crosses which even revolutionists of the eighteenth century had respected, were torn down by these enlightened thinkers of this day and generation. Persons going to early Mass saw, with amazement, this result of "free thought." A search was instituted for the remnants of all these symbols of our salvation. Fragments of them were picked up from the sewers and from the waters of the Rhône. One twisted image of Christ our Lord, that had been wrenched from the cross, was fished out of the mire by the Pont-des-Flâneurs. Several thousand persons, not yet liberated from worn-out "superstitions" that the majority have abandoned, gathered to remove this image of the Saviour whom French Radicals

and Socialists repudiate. These benighted Catholics carried the distorted image, in impromptu procession, past the house of the Mayor. There they paused long enough to make a demonstration of their indignation. So boisterous did they become, in their wild, unreasoning protest against the reign of "free thought," that gendarmes and police felt compelled to restrain them, particularly when some of the crowd tried to force an entrance into the Mayor's house. Several "free-thinkers," who had taken part in the outrage of the night before, were rather roughly handled. The Mayor decided to wash his hands of it, after the fashion of Pilate, and he had a poster placed in conspicuous localities, expressing his disapprobation of the act of the iconoclasts.

When the Jesuits decided, in view of the Law on Associations, to disperse, Fathers du Lac, de Kéraoul, Caruel and Gondeau preferred secularization to exile, and found private lodgings in different quarters of Paris, accepting invitations to preach, during the following Advent, in five churches of the metropolis. M. André, the most pliant judicial tool of the last and present Premiers, initiated prosecutions against the Fathers giving these Advent sermons in Paris, and similar prosecutions were instituted in Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, against Jesuits who had been guilty of the same offence. The Society of Jesus had not applied for authorization (knowing it would only be refused, if asked for), and preaching the word of God to sinners constituted for them a violation of law which must be punished. Four of the Fathers had committed this heinous offence in Paris, and three others had served as professors in the Catholic Institute of the same city. Fathers de La Barre, Bainvel and Auriault had applied to Rome to be detached from the Society of Jesus. Cardinal Gotti, at that time Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, responded to each, that: "Considering present circumstances, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars relieves the petitioner of the bond referred to in his request, and accords to him the faculty to enter the ranks of the secular clergy, under the jurisdiction of the bishop who shall receive him." The three priests last named had become professors of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and, although canonically secularized, they nevertheless were held to have violated article 14 of the Law on Associations, which interdicts teaching to members of unauthorized Congregations.

A ministerial circular of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, of very recent date, had expressly declared: "The fact of having belonged to a Congregation does not create a sort of *diminutio capitis* in regard to the former congregationist and *does not cut him off*, without doubt, forever and ever, from the ecclesiastical life of the parish." Little did that signify, however; Jesuits still existed in Austria, Spain, England, and the United States. Therefore the Society of Jesus still exists, in spite of the Law on Associations, and any Frenchman who is, or who ever has been, a Jesuit, is forever stamped with disqualification legally to teach, to preach in any French church or chapel, or publicly to exercise his ministry for the sanctification and salvation of souls. Such is the ruling by which Premier Combes and his pliant judicial tools have prostituted their high office to satisfy the anti-religious passions that prevail, to the disgrace and dishonor of the French name and nation.

Governmental ideas of the supervision of education were illustrated by a circular sent out during the Ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau. Professors of the University had previously been forbidden to lend their services to free (that is, Catholic) institutions of education, and this order had aroused comparatively little protest. This perhaps encouraged the Government to develop still more boldly the "Republican" idea. The next ministerial circular prohibited professors of State lyceums and colleges from giving *even private* and *individual lessons* to students not belonging to State institutions. The administration, notwithstanding, reserved the right to authorize lessons of this kind, but only in cases where parents would *formally declare* their intention, later on, to confide their children to the State University.

Under Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes, departmental prefects have realized, as never before, that constant watchfulness is the price of liberty. Thus only was the Republic "saved" from encroachments of "clericalism" in the department of the Loire-Inferieure, as the following decree will show:

"In view of the law of April 5, 1884; in view of the circular dated May 21, 1901, to the Mayors of the Department of the Loire-Inferieure, inserted in the Bulletin of Administrative Acts; and whereas the report of the Sub-prefect of Châteaubriant, dated December 12, 1901, making known that, December 8, 1901, M. Garde,

Mayor of Treffieux, surrounded by his Municipal Council, has, in the Church, after Vespers, before the assembled faithful, consecrated his commune to the Sacred Heart; considering that, in giving himself to a manifestation of this nature, the Mayor of Treffieux has misconstrued the liberty of conscience of those under his charge and exceeded the powers which are derived from his office; it is decreed that M. Garde, Mayor of Treffieux, is suspended for one month from his functions as Mayor.

(Signed) EUGENE RIPAULT, *Prefect.*"

The same governmental espionage prevails everywhere in this so-called Republic. Thus, a charity sermon, announced in Douai, for January, 1902, by the former Jesuit, Father Caruel, was prohibited by an official of the Government. At Orleans a sale had been organized by some good ladies for the benefit of the Catholic schools which existed there in January, 1902. In a letter of thanks to these faithful women, the Bishop of Orleans announced that an administrative intervention had forbidden the holding of this sale where it ordinarily took place.

During the ministry of so-called "Republican Defence," of Waldeck-Rousseau and, still more markedly, in the Cabinet of M. Combes, provincial agents of the Government have found their inspiration and impetus to an anti-religious policy in the publie acts of Ministers of the Council. Thus M. de Lanessan, Minister of the Navy in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, suppressed the naval commemoration of Good Friday, then abrogated the obligation, previously existing, of attending Mass and public prayers on French naval vessels, and directed the tri-color to remain at the masthead during the hours of service on shipboard, no longer allowing it to be replaced by the Mass-flag, as had hitherto been the custom. In defending his action in the French Senate, M. de Lanessan said that, in issuing this order, he had obeyed three principles: first, to assure on board French naval vessels, and in naval schools and establishments, the most complete liberty of conscience; second, to respect the practice of worship on shipboard; third, that no man could be obliged to perform any act whatsoever contrary to his faith. Then he added: "To oblige Protestants, Israelites and Freethinkers to take part in prayer, is to constrain them to an act of which their conscience disapproves.

I have sought to leave to each the right to say his prayers in suppressing physical and moral constraint." There are so few Protestant and Jewish believers among either officers or men in the French navy, that it is evident that this tender solicitude for sensitive free-thinkers who might otherwise be *constrained* to an *act of which their conscience disapproves* was a cheap exhibition of political clap-trap, or a pitiable exhibition of anti-religious animosity. More likely the latter, as we shall see by the same Minister's subsequent acts.

The active part that the Masonic fraternity has taken in this anti-religious campaign has repeatedly been shown by the public acts of Masonic lodges, as well as by the behavior of individual Masons, who have marked the contrast between the body of Masons in the United States, comprising many men, both clerical and lay, of the broadest tolerance, and the infidels and scoffers of the fraternity in France. Once the French lodges were homes of freedom (political, at least) and liberty. What they are to-day, Masons themselves shall reveal. They selected the night of Good Friday in March, 1902, for a grand banquet of three hundred covers. The banquet was styled "Dinner of Reason," and it was announced and held "in commemoration of all the Crucified of Free Thought." The dinner took place in the Masonic Temple of the Grand Orient on the Rue Cadet, Paris. The most striking feature of this event is the list of the "*crucified of free thought.*" They were: "Socrates, Jesus, Arius, Hypatia, the Vaudois, Victims of the Inquisition, Etienne Dolet, Victims of St. Bartholomew, Giordano Bruno Vanini, Campanella, Galileo, Pascal, Victims of the Dragonnades, Voltaire, Diderot, Calas, the Chevalier de La Barre, Hugo, the Dead of the Commune, Tolstoi.

Ostentatious disregard of a day still held sacred by millions of French people was not confined to Masons. Under the heading: "Liberty of Conscience in the Lyceums," the following item appeared in a reliable French paper:

"We read in the *Voix Nationale*: 'We are in a position to affirm that, in one at least of the great Lyceums of Paris, there have been circulated among the pupils lists of adhesion and of subscription to a grand banquet (literally *banquet gras*) of Good Friday.' "

M. de Lanessan, whose tender solicitude for the consciences of free-thinkers of the Navy I have just noticed, availed himself of Good Friday of the same year to emphasize his antagonism to Catholic faith and practice. Not only did he refuse (according to good authority), leave of absence on Good Friday to employes of the Navy Department, but he made his refusal more offensive by offering them a holiday on Monday and Tuesday of Easter week, Easter Monday being (if I remember rightly) a general holiday throughout France.

Although M. de Lanessan had cancelled the obligation of the ships-company on war vessels to hear Mass on Sundays, rather than have even one stray free-thinking sailor "*constrained*" to "*an act which his conscience disapproves*," he refused the request of eight thousand persons who signed a petition in favor of a reëstablishment of the ancient custom of naval observance of Good Friday in the ports of France. Of such men was the Cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau composed, the Ministry of so-called "Republican Defence."

Provincial officials of the Ministry were worthy of their chiefs. About the middle of Lent of 1902, the Prefect of the Department of the Haute-Vienne had the Crucifix removed from all communal schools of Vigen. The Mayor protested by letter against this measure and disassociated himself from it by a poster, placarded upon all the walls of the commune, recalling the fact that, in the thirty years he had been at the head of affairs, no such monstrous attack upon the principles of tolerance and liberty had ever been committed. Parents of children attending the schools were still less imbued with the sort of "Republican principles" now actuating a majority in France, for they sent their little ones to school with crucifixes hung around their necks.

M. Leygues, Minister of Public Instruction in the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, was not behind his ministerial associates in anti-religious zeal. The apostate majority sustaining Waldeck-Rousseau in the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, desiring to cripple and, if possible, destroy the standing and usefulness of the Catholic College Stanislaus, of Paris, cut down the appropriation with a view to having that College withdrawn from participation in the competitive examination annually held for University degrees.

The Stanislaus College had often been classed as the first and always among the best of French University establishments, and interfered with the great work of de-Christianizing France. It was therefore advisable to cripple it; but even the supporters of M. Waldeck-Rousseau hesitated about doing so in a summary manner, and undertook the work in the guise of a reduction in appropriations. Accordingly it was decided in Parliament that the status of students of Stanislaus College would not be altered before 1904. In fact, M. Leygues himself had pointed out to the Chamber of Deputies the impossibility of immediately placing, in other institutions, professors aggregated to Stanislaus College.

In the face of this fact, however, M. Leygues issued a decree, in May, 1902, when students of this college were nearing the end of their scholastic year, refusing to all of them the right to participate in the University Examination. This gross injustice to students who, being near the end of the scholastic year, were unable to enter any other institution, had but one apparent motive in M. Leygues,—enmity to religious education. That was seemingly enough for M. Leygues, who finds his literary and ethical inspiration in the literature and life of pagan Greece and Rome, in French literature of the seventeenth century and French philosophy of the eighteenth. In fact he tells us that this last named literature and philosophy have "emancipated the human spirit." Of course he finds his political inspiration in the Revolution of the eighteenth century, the glory and pride of men of his type.

In a public letter to his constituents, published in May, 1902, M. Brisson, one of the most venomous enemies of the Religious Orders in France, declared: "Democracy has triumphed over the politics of the Sacred Heart!" He spoke not untruly, although, to be exact, his allusion was political rather than religious. One of the triumphs of "Democracy over the politics of the Sacred Heart," in the social order, has been the law of 1884, which reëstablished divorce. On behalf of this law, it was argued that there were many ill-assorted unions of wretchedly unhappy people, living in sin, who would, if divorced, form happier unions and live henceforward in peace and purity. M. Louis Legrand, of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, is my authority for the statement that the sum of adulteries has notably

increased since the adoption of divorce. Divorce is so swiftly decreed in France that in one session only of the civil tribunal of the Seine two hundred and ninety-four divorces were granted. There is, at least, one private detective agency in Paris (and I believe there are others), which not only furnishes agents to shadow husbands and wives suspected of misconduct, but which also supplies both male and female agents for patrons who desire, with their aid, to establish cases of unfaithfulness on their own part, more or less technical, as patrons may decide.

The awful disaster of Saint Pierre was an event which might naturally have been supposed calculated to weld all human hearts together and to cause men, for a time, to forget their political and religious differences. Not so in France, however. Some well-meaning persons organized a solemn Requiem Mass, to be held in Notre Dame at Paris and designed to assume the character of a national funeral, or memorial service, commemorative of those who had perished. Only in this sense did members of the French Ministerial Cabinet attend, but their attendance, from any motive, might have been expected to escape censure. It certainly did not. The mere announcement of the Mass was the occasion for fierce denunciation on the part of the paper *La Lanterne*, which styled the Requiem Mass "an insult to all the Republican party." This journalistic supporter of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry declared it to be a crime thus "to prostitute the Republic at the foot of Catholic altars." Republicans attending were warned that they would "sully great principles in the contact with Holy Water."

The most galling feature of this base treachery to the Republic was the fact that cards of admission to this memorial service were issued, or at least distributed, by the Minister of the Colonies. The indignation of *La Lanterne* knew no bounds. The Government was accused of having "compounded with the enemy," and of having "humbled reason before dogma."

After the passage of the Law on Associations parliamentary elections were held and, with this infamous measure of proscription and persecution staring them in the face, the voters of France elected to Parliament a Senate and Chamber of Deputies in which the anti-religious policy of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry obtained an increased majority. It is significant of the character

of that majority, now in power, that out of more than five hundred deputies in the Chamber over four hundred of them are Freemasons. Some French people deplore what they characterize the "mad impatience of our reformers who, in 1848, caused France to pass from a suffrage of two hundred and forty-one thousand electors to nearly ten million voters, plunged in ignorance." Certainly the results of thirty-five years of a parliamentary régime, based upon this increased and enlarged electorate, are not calculated to advance the cause of universal suffrage throughout the world, and they have perhaps justified the belief of some that the French, as a people, are by nature and temperament wholly incapable of self-government.

M. Emile Combes succeeded M. Waldeck-Rousseau, after the latter's resignation, as President of the Ministerial Council, Minister of the Interior and of Public Worship. Originally trained for the priesthood, M. Combes had abandoned that career after receiving minor orders and the sub-diaconate. Later, he was a country doctor and had served some years in the Senate. Having cut loose from all dogmatic faith, his chief delight is to tyrannize over all those who still retain any definite belief, an occupation which his position as Minister of Public Worship and Premier has enabled him to exercise constantly.

One of his first official acts was to place the whole machinery of governmental administration throughout France upon an anti-religious basis, adherence to his anti-Christian policy to be maintained by a system of partisanship and political favoritism. To attain this end he sent out the following circular letter to departmental prefects, who everywhere represent the national government, in its tremendous pressure, constantly exercised, not only by a system of espionage, but frequently by removal from office of such local authorities as will not lend themselves to the despotic will of the Premier. The circular read:

"Universal suffrage has declared itself once more, and in a particularly striking way, in favor of the maintenance and of the development of our Republican institutions, and the Cabinet over which I have the honor to preside has the duty and firm will not to lag behind its indications.

"To lead to good the *democratic work*, so happily inaugurated by

the preceding Ministry, I have need of your most loyal and most resolute *coöperation*, and of that of all functionaries who hold any part whatsoever of the public power.

"You are, in your department, Monsieur the Prefect, the *representative* of the *central power* and the *delegate of all the Ministers*. In this title, it *belongs to you* to exercise under your responsibility *a political action upon all the public services:* their heads, if they enjoy a certain autonomy, in that which concerns the transaction of administrative business, and depending, from this point of view, upon their hierarchical superiors, should never forget that they have a *strict obligation to conform themselves to your political direction.*

"Your authority over them will be asmuch more efficacio us as, conforming yourself to the *principles from which the Government draws its inspiration*, your attitude will be *clearly and resolutely Republican*, so that all your acts shall tend to recognize the confidence it has placed in you.

"I believe it my duty to add that, if in your administration you owe justice to all, without distinction of opinion or of party, *your duty commands you to reserve the favors of which you dispose only for those of your administrators* who have given *unequivocal proofs of fidelity to Republican institutions.*

"I have placed myself in agreement with my colleagues of the Cabinet so that *no nomination, no advancement of a functionary* belonging to your department *can be made without your having been previously consulted.*

"I have confidence, Monsieur the Prefect, that you will not lose sight of these recommendations. However, the *Government can tolerate neither the least hesitation nor the least faltering* on the part of functionaries to whom it delegates its authority and whose first duty is absolute attachment to the Republic."

The real meaning of this official pronunciamento is veiled in high-sounding phrases and lofty terms, characteristic of French indirectness. The "democratic work" inaugurated by the preceding Ministry was the destruction of religious orders of men and women and the crushing out of religious education in France. The "principles from which the Government draws its inspiration" are anti-Christian principles, and, though styled *Republican* by an apostate majority, they are a blasphemy against the memory of

Washington, of La Fayette, and of all founders and patriots of a genuine (not a spurious) Republic.

No civil servant dares to send his children to a religious school, unless he is prepared for an early dismissal. Any flinching on the part of Prefects in driving from their homes old and infirm priests, monks, nuns, brothers, and sisterhoods, heretofore engaged in religious education, is a direct evidence of the "hesitation" and "faltering" which the Government cannot and will not tolerate.

A week after the issuance of this circular, Prefects were compelled to give substantial proof of their "absolute attachment to the Republic," by closing (under orders from the Government) one hundred and twenty-five Catholic schools, conducted in forty-five departments of France by religious Congregations authorized by the Government under former administrations. In view of this general authorization it was not thought necessary to apply for specific authorization for each separate school, subsequently opened by members of these authorized Congregations. Nor was such authorization *legally required.* When the Law on Associations was under discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Waldeck-Rousseau was asked by M. Denys Cochin whether or not the new law would abrogate former laws which assured liberty of secondary instruction. Waldeck-Rousseau's reply was: "Not the least in the world! Liberty of instruction remains intact, and members of authorized Congregations will continue to enjoy that liberty for the same reason as other citizens. The new law is outside the question of the liberty of instruction; it does not even touch that."

It is difficult not to believe that Waldeck-Rousseau deliberately was false in his formal and public assurances regarding the application of the Law on Associations, by which assurances he was able to obtain a parliamentary majority for his law of proscription. Every one of his public declarations has been repudiated by his successor, although that successor is reasonably believed to have been selected by himself to carry out a despicable work which M. Waldeck-Rousseau was too cowardly or too politic to undertake in person. He has since thought it necessary to his own reputation as a publicist, if not as a man, to disavow and disassociate himself from some of Combes' misinterpretations and subversions of law.

According to the ideas of the Combes Ministry, every house or school where there is a member of a religious institute is an establishment of the institute. If a lay person opened or directed a school in an establishment owned by himself, the mere employment there of one member of a religious Congregation would suffice for the school to be considered a Congregational school, and proceeded against accordingly.

F. W. Parsons.

*Paris, France.*

(To be continued.)

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## OUR BIBLE CLASS.

THERE were two new applicants for membership in our Bible Class,—both ladies. The elder of the two had been a student of Chicago University, attended lectures by Professor Harper, and made a tour of the East—Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. Cousin Harry said she was remarkably clever and that no doubt she knew more about the Bible than all of us together. She boarded at a Ladies' Club in the neighborhood, and, having heard of our meetings for Scriptural studies, had expressed a desire to join us. Hertha was opposed, on principle, to new-comers, after she had heard the eulogies of the lady's intellectual accomplishments related by Harry, and endorsed by Uncle Ike who had met the lady at the Conservatory, where they had discussed our Bible Class. None of us had yet seen her.

"How does she look?"

"Charming!" ejaculated uncle.

"What do you mean by charming?" said Hertha, a little nettled. "You men call everything charming, if you imagine there are brains at the end of it. After all, it's the heart that does the best thinking, as the professor said."

"Why, I mean that it will be difficult for a man or woman of æsthetic tastes to keep this lady out of sight."

"Pshaw! do you mean she is good-looking?"

"Aye!"

"Does she dress well?"

"Tailor-made gown, of Parisian pattern; you couldn't mistake

it. But it is hardly fair to discuss a stranger and prospective guest in this fashion. You will see her of course at the next class."

When at the opening of the lecture the following Thursday Hertha entered the room, she found the lady engaged in conversation with the professor, who had come somewhat earlier than usual by way of compensating us for the abrupt manner in which he shortened his previous lecture.

"Miss Andrew, allow me to present my cousin Hertha."

The plump little lady, dressed in dark grey, bowed and put out her hand, with a rather cordial smile that appeared to borrow a touch of refined penetration from a pair of bluish-grey eyes, though the face might otherwise have belonged to any English country lass out of her teens.

Hertha was reconciled. She said that they expected another lady who was to join them that morning for the first time. Just then the new arrival was ushered in and introduced. She was quite young, and, feeling at home in our circle, she walked over at once to the large map of the Nile region and Arabia on which the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea had been traced by the intelligent pencil of Harry.

We all turned in the direction of the chart, and the professor in a few words explained to the new members of our class the scope of the previous lectures, so as to put them *au courant* with the topic on which he would continue to speak to-day.

"But there is no water where the Israelites passed," said the young lady; "did they come through the Isthmus?"

"Yes, but the Isthmus was at the time of Moses covered with water, forming a shallow basin between several deeper seas or lakes, which connected the main body of the Red Sea with the marshes along the Mediterranean coast. This basin had been dried up by the action of a hot wind passing over it during the night, in answer to the prayer of Moses; it filled again at the rise of the tide from both sides, after the Egyptians, in pursuit of the Jews, had entered the seemingly dry lagoon."

Here Harry produced another chart, showing the depressions of the soil along the present route of the Suez Canal, which was formerly occupied by the Lakes.[1]

"I have just read a quite recently published novel," said the

[1] See THE DOLPHIN for December, 1903, page 672.

young lady, "in which the passage of the Israelites is described in a manner that would indicate that the waters of the Red Sea actually receded, or rather separated, under the mighty sweep of a terrific storm, and were thus held apart by the force of the winds until the Jewish host had passed the shallow ford; after which there was a sudden collapse, the waters joining from both sides and enveloping the Egyptians who had rushed in pursuit. Is this not more in conformity with the Biblical account?"

"Perhaps more conformable with the cherished tradition which thus pictured the event in the literal terms of the Sacred Text. But the study of the locality and of the modes of Oriental expression, the meaning of which we glean from newly-discovered accounts of these same events in contemporary and even earlier forms than the Books of Moses, have led modern scholars and historians to interpret the imagery of the Bible in a manner more agreeable to the evidences of sense, which, without detracting from the miraculous nature of the occurrence, strips it of the grotesque or needlessly extravagant element. I have read *The Yoke*, by Miss Miller, to which no doubt you refer, and think it a beautifully written story. The author shows her love of the ancient faith, and one cannot but admire the reverent ingenuity with which she pictures the scene of the journey through the Red Sea, according to the traditional view; yet this view of the occurrence is not at all essential for the safeguarding of the veracity of the inspired witnesses, who claim a supernatural or miraculous character for the events related in Exodus."

"But if the Israelites passed through a lake which had become a dry bed at the time by the natural action of a torrid wind, how can you maintain that it was a miracle? A miracle is something, I imagine, that cannot be effected by natural agencies."

"The miracle might be sought, not in the *means* employed, but in the *manner* in which the ordinary means operated. The shallowness of the lagoon; the action of the burning sirocco coming from the Arabian desert and turning the waters of the ford into clouds which at once served to shelter the Hebrews and to confuse the outlook of the Egyptians in pursuit; the sudden rising of the tide in the adjacent lakes; and the awful thunder-storm which lashed the waves from both sides into the lagoon, when the Israelites had safely reached the Arabian shore — these things are not accidents, but rather a conspiring of nature's elements, directed by God in answer to the prayer of Moses and in harmony with God's own providential design of safeguarding His people."

"I understand. You call this wind the sirocco. Is it the kind of sirocco that makes travellers uncomfortable with malaria during the winter season in Italy?"

"Not quite the same. In fact, the Italians apply the name to two kinds of wind—one a moist December draft from the seas, the other the dry African currents that blow across in spring. The Arabian east wind that swept over Egypt, and which I called sirocco, is a much more burning and destructive element. It is called *Chadim* in Hebrew, or *Sarkija* by the modern Arab, who sees in its approach the awful hand of God, parching almost instantaneously all vegetation and lifting away the water that irrigates the land. In the Lebanon country it is identified with the poisonous *Simoon*, and in general stands in the language of the East for an image of the destructive power of God. Of course, in the case of Exodus it operated in behalf of the Israelites, destroying only the Egyptians."

Our new young student might have asked a dozen more questions, but the professor had been looking at his watch, and we knew that it was time for the lecture.

### Preparing for the Spiritual "Retreat."

The Israelites had arrived at a point of their journey where they were to learn other lessons than those of experience. For three months they had wandered, seeking a safe road toward the land of liberty promised to their fathers, and into the actual possession of which Moses was to bring them. They had covered but little more than one-third of the probable distance to the fatherland of Canaan, and, during the tedious stretch of a hundred and eighty miles along the defiles of the coast mountains, had seen many evidences of God's special providence in their behalf.

But the child of a continuous providence must become a spoiled child, if it receive naught but benefits; and a spoiled child is sure to turn against its parent benefactor. What then would guard the chosen people from the presumption and the revels to which its preferred position among the nations would surely incline it? To such presumption their past murmurings against Yahwe had witnessed. Thrice had they vented their sullen ingratitude in the brief season of their acquired freedom.

Would chastisement cure the tendency to rebellion? No.

Punishment might bend a stiff neck; it might silence the mutinous voice; it might forewarn the revolting sense that resistance would be useless and hurtful; but it would not draw hearts to God in voluntary service and continuous homage. And this alone was the ultimate object for which Israel was to regain its freedom. She was to learn the lesson that would undo sin with its awful effects upon the world. The rebellion of Lucifer's "I will not serve," and its contagious effect, through the Serpent in Paradise, upon Adam and Eve, was to be counteracted by the spontaneous subjection of man's will to his Creator, prompted by the love which belonged to his original nature as the image of the God who is Eternal Love. How, then, could man, how could Israel, find this motive of love, if the very munificence of Yahwe's provident care did but elicit fresh expectations of favors, and brought forth murmurings when these favors were withheld?

There was but one way to the acquiring of this motive of love; and that one way was alone worthy of man's high prerogative as a rational creature. If his heart inclined him only to what his senses approved, he was no better than the animal that served him. But to love the invisible, the supersensible, he needed to be helped and tutored by *reflection*, by meditation. Through the mind, through the reason, slowly and persistently cultivated and appealed to, man could be made to see the motive that should prompt him not merely to love the Creator's gifts and to revel in their enjoyment, but to love also and foremost the God who is the Author of these gifts and in whom alone the soul finds perfect satisfaction, because He contains in His nature all that man can worthily enjoy.

It was the one great object, therefore, which Moses had in mind. He would teach his people to reflect, or, to use a modern phrase with which Catholics are familiar, he would inaugurate a grand retreat. He would place before them in a series of spiritual exercises, preceded and accompanied by meditations,—their origin, their destiny, their duties, and their valid hopes for a perfect and happy possession of whatever the heart might crave, for all eternity. It was to be a longer and a harder task than might have been anticipated, even under most adverse circumstances. But the inspiration came to the aged chief of Israel from God;

Yahwe would guide His servant as He had done thus far, and with this Moses breathed his *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, as he entered the sheltered plain of Sinai, where he was to assemble his people for a great popular mission under the open sky. And this religious revival, this grand retreat in which all the tribes were to take part, required surroundings that would of themselves tend to awaken solemn thought in the heart of the individual. Such surroundings they had now found.

### Into Yahwe's Temple.

Solitude is almost essential to the soul that would, by reflection, sound the worth of its actions viewed in the light of its eternal destiny. To the prophets, the saints of old, the solitaries and ascetics, the desert mountains offered ever the most congenial abode, where they might be aloof from the distractions of the world and the easy allurements of the flesh. Abraham, Elias, the Apostle of the Gentiles, Anthony, Bruno shared that singular attraction for seclusion amid the rude high places of nature, which is so often recorded of our Lord in the words "and He went into the mountain to pray—Himself alone." For so great a multitude as that of the Israelites, solitude, even in a desert that cut them off entirely from the civilized highways of Egypt, would be indeed difficult, at least in this sense that it excluded distractions which might prevent their entering at once into conditions of attentive reflection. But there were two compensating elements to insure their making an effective use of the spiritual exercises which Moses, divinely inspired, had planned for them. One of these was the character of the locality in which they were; the other was the length of time during which this great religious revival was to last. They would be in this retreat—though they could hardly have foreseen the actual length of their stay—eleven months. During all this time they were sure to be provided with the necessaries of life by the natural conditions of the region, and that in a way which favorably contrasted with the precarious existence afforded them during the few months preceding. This would forestal discouragement and murmurings. They were safe, too, from the hostile attacks of the Amalekites, their special enemies, so long as they kept within the present shelter of the Sinaitic

oasis, which was practically inaccessible, except from the narrow pass by which they had entered, and which they could easily guard. When Moses had finally succeeded in impressing their minds with those great truths, set forth in his Pentateuch, there would ensue a long period of probation, unsuspected, of thirty-eight years in that Arabian wilderness, during which their hearts might grow ripe and mellow for the appreciation of the prosperity that was to come to them in the land flowing with milk and honey. Even then there would hardly be left any of the old generation that had left Egypt under Moses. The fruition would come only to their children who might serve the Lord in grateful remembrance of what He had done for their Fathers, and would build up a new sanctuary and a throne for David, and for the Son, "Emmanuel," who was also his Lord,[2] and in whom the promised restoration would reach its perfect earthly fulfilment by opening to man anew the inheritance of God, forfeited in the Garden of Paradise.

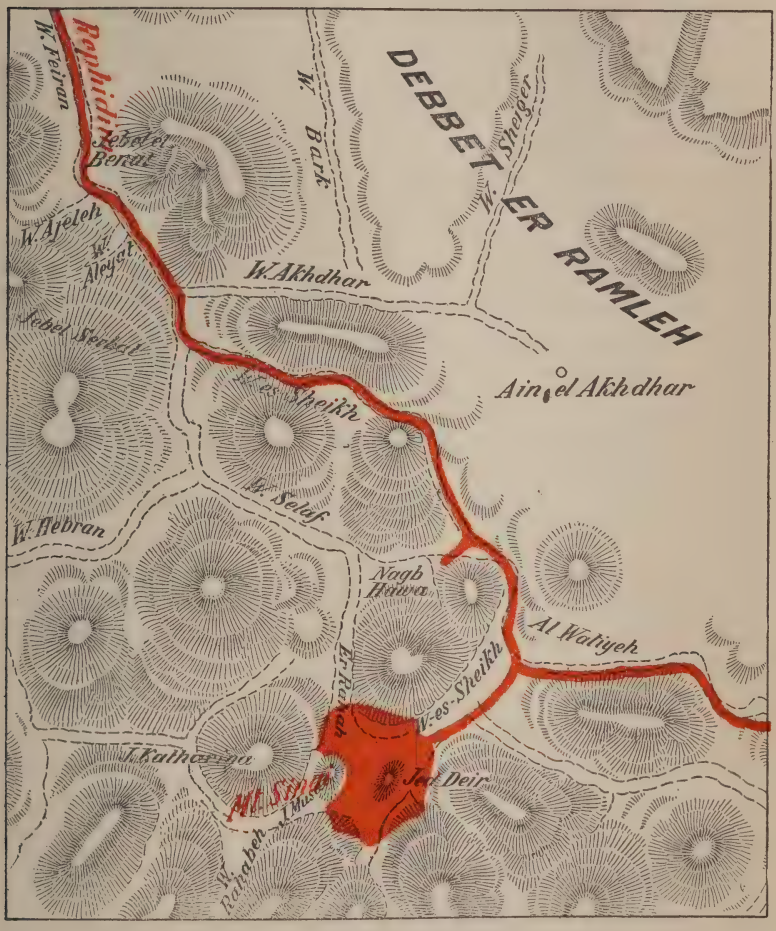
The approach to Sinai from the caravan road southward along the coast of the Red Sea, by which the Israelites had come, has already been indicated in a former lecture. Entering at Rephidim, a broad gorge, the Wady Feiran, the path leads between high mountains in a southeasterly direction, until it reaches a pass designated at present as *Nagb Hawa*. It is a very narrow way, so that large caravans cannot enter here; but a little farther south there opens another pass leading westward almost abruptly into the very heart of a complex of mountains, between which there lies an expanse of oasis, wide and rich beyond the expectation of the most sanguine traveller in these parts. Three elevations, belonging properly to this tract, engage the attention of the modern visitor interested in Bible Study. They are included in the general designation of Mount Sinai, or Horeb.[3] Jebel Musa, the highest and most southerly crest, is assumed to be the mountain where the Lord met Moses,[4] and from whence the Torah or Law

[2] Ps. 109. "Dixit Dominus Domino meo"—here David speaks: "the Lord said unto my Lord," that is, to Christ who was to be the Son of David.

[3] Not to be confounded with Mount Hor, north of the Desert of Pharan, which the Israelites did not reach for many years, and where Aaron died.

[4] Exod. 19: 20.

was solemnly proclaimed. It ends in a huge granite monolith, divided from the central range by a deep cleft, from which a ravine leads to the plain, right under the hill of the Golden Calf, opposite the Jebel el Deir, beside which lies the present convent of St. Katharine.




REPHIDIM TO MOUNT SINAI.

Here we find a most extraordinary combination of nature's contrasts. Before the traveller's view rise up immense walls of granite and porphyry rock, rearing their broken pinnacles against

the clear eastern sky. Here and there the dense, black and grayish masses are relieved by vast openings, forming deep precipices, the result of the volcanic eruptions of earlier ages. On the edge of these may be seen great boulders of rock, which hold the senses in suspense by the dread of their threatening power. The scene that presents itself to the traveller, when viewed from the elevation of the central mountain, produces a feeling of horror not to be forgotten, and makes a fitting picture of the dark and awful desolation of the lower regions, such as has been described by Dante in his *Inferno*.

I have spoken of the influence which the desert exercises upon the character of the Arab, the concentration and silence produced in the habits of his mind by the indications of vastness—the Creator's grand workmanship in sky, mountain, and plain, the wondrous and awe-inspiring powers of other natural phenomena. The gigantic proportions of this mountain group strike terror into the soul, make the beholder shudder with shadowy apprehensions of the things concealed within the awful recesses of the vast chamber closed in on every side, so that the habitual contemplation of such surroundings might dethrone the reason with the overpowering reflection, if unrelieved by other influences calculated to inspire confidence.

It was a fit temple for Yahwe, the God of Might, from which to speak His word to the children of Israel; and it cast into the shade all the magnificent conceptions of the columned temples of Egypt, with their vast dimensions and mysterious depths. Israel felt that it was indeed in the power of the Lord of Hosts, and fear stole upon all the people—the fear that was to be the beginning of wisdom. And when the lightning would play from between the clouds that rose and hovered about those mountain peaks, spitting fiery wrath into the plain and making mighty torches of the dark and craggy pinnacles, whilst the voice of the Lord spoke in tones of dread, rolling thunders—then would Israel understand, or, rather, feel its dependence on the Lord God, and be in proper mood to reflect upon the debt it owed its Creator and its Redeemer from bondage.

THE ROCK—NATURE'S SANCTUARY.

But the God who threatens, that He might prove His power, is the God who loves and cares for and shelters His creatures. Within those awful temple walls of mighty living rock there spread a carpet, rich and green with blooming vegetation. Groves of palm and tamarisk and date and acacia trees lined the wadies at the foot of the mountains, and abundant springs poured forth on every side, filling the natural channels with sweet limpid water. The great central plain in front of the Sacred Mount is broad and deep enough to accommodate the assemblage of a million or more people with their tents and belongings; and the adjoining valleys furnish ample room and shelter, as well as provender, for the immense herds that accompanied the multitude of the Israelites. The main plateau approaches the middle rock to the west by a terrace, which forms a sort of footstool to the two unequal sections of rock rising above it in the likeness of a gigantic seat or chair. From this terrace the voice can be heard far and wide carrying the echoes into the avenues which lead out of the place where the Israelites had pitched their camp. It is not difficult for the imagination to picture the position of this lofty natural throne, touching the very heavens, as the scene where Yahwe might descend for judgment. And as a matter of fact, that image of the rock as the expression of God's majesty and strength remained deeply engraven upon the mind and speech of the Hebrew people. The rock of Sinai, the seat of Yahwe's power, would henceforth be associated in the sacred relations of His chosen children with the idea of divine authority, and in course of time that thought would take on a prophetic character pointing out the everlasting foundation of right to the end of ages. "Behold, I will stand there, before thee, upon the rock Horeb," the Lord Yahwe had said to Moses, as He taught him the Law which he was to communicate to Israel. And again when the Lord would assure His servant Moses of the guardianship He would exercise over him, He said: "Thou shalt stand upon the rock; and when My glory shall come to pass I will set thee in the hollow of that rock and protect thee with My right hand."[5] So the Lord spoke

[5] Exod. 17: 6; 23: 21.

to Israel from this rock, through a cloud, and Moses was to interpret the mysteries of the divine voice to his people. Years after this, when the Hebrews had gone far into the northern desert of Pharan, at the place where Miriam died and was buried, they forgot once more the covenant of Yahwe and His power, and rebelled against Moses. Then the heart-broken chief brought them to the great rock at Cadesh, as if to recall to their minds the scene of the camp at Sinai and the sacred throne; for he hesitated to call upon the Lord for relief, even he being forgetful of His everlasting mercies.[6] And so in future ages the rock remained ever the image of the might of Israel's God; and every Hebrew in the midst of distress repeated to himself the words embodied in the inspired canticle of David: "The Lord is my rock, and my strength, and my Saviour." Yes, the prophetic vision of the royal seer made him recognize in that rock the future Messiah, as St. Paul assures us,[7] and thence through the lips of Christ speaking to Cephas, it became the sacred inheritance of the New Law. Thus the mighty rock of Horeb, the seat of Yahwe on Mount Sinai, symbolical of the divine authority, has become the rock of Peter upon which Christ built His Church, and the devout student of the Bible recognizes the unity of the divine plan, the consistent and harmonious development of the fundamental doctrines taught in word and in figure from the days of Moses to our own.

The rock formation in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai is principally a gray granite; but there are also large beds of red porphyry growing in extent toward the northern district; there is, moreover, a great quantity of sandstone, yellow and variegated, and limestone, both hard and soft, carboniferous earth, and loam and gravel. It was, therefore, no difficult task for the Hebrews to make here provision for a lengthy stay, and to exercise the various crafts of the potter's and toolmaker's art, as well as of agriculture. They had been employed in Egypt to make bricks, and also tablets for the scholar's use in the large libraries and schools of Thebes and Memphis and Heliopolis, and for the King's messages to foreign lands, as we know from the numerous letters written on brick tablets found and deciphered during

[6] Numbers 20: 10.

[7] 1 Cor. 10: 4.

recent years. The Hebrews had, however, also been employed in the finer arts, where their native ingenuity served them to fashion beautiful things of gold and silver and copper—all but the making of idols, which their religion forbade them, and which, indeed, required no special skill; for the Egyptian ritual prohibited under pain of death the making of any image of the gods which bore the real semblance of man. Hence we have the most grotesque forms becoming the object of worship in Egypt, a fact that otherwise seems incompatible with the high culture to which in general the Egyptians of the time of Moses had attained. Here, within the seclusion of the mountains, they found material and leisure to employ their talent and their time in useful ways, a circumstance which produced, under the supervision of intelligent leaders, most beneficial results. *Labora et ora*—they had yet to learn how to pray; in the meantime, it was well that they should labor, and this they knew how to do from their long apprenticeship in Egypt.

### Programme of the Spiritual Exercises.

The Sacred Text[8] briefly states that after the Israelites had pitched their tents over against the mountain, "Moses went up to God." The phrase immediately following, "and the Lord called unto him from the mountain," fitly indicates that Moses answered an inward inspiration to seek retirement amid the solitude of the mountain, where he might learn the designs of God which he was to communicate to the people. How very close it brings the magnificent figure of the Hebrew prophet to the Saint of Loyola as he seeks the shelter of a rude mountain cave at Manresa so near to the rich beauty of Barcelona's gardens. Can we doubt that Moses first made himself the spiritual exercises which he was later on to outline in writing, under the Divine tutorship, for Israel and for all generations to come? In any case, we know that the conviction of Louis da Ponte, that the exercises of St. Ignatius represent an immediate divine revelation made to him in his solitude, must without question be applied to the inspirations of Moses, and to the record which we have of them. And we may assume that both the *Spiritual Exercises* of the Jesuit founder

[8] Exod. 19: 3.

as well as the work of the learned Benedictine Garcias de Cisneros, who is supposed to have furnished the first model for these retreats in his *Exercitatorium Spirituale*, simply follow a plan that is fundamental and reveals itself to those who seek the common aim of reforming human nature by going back to first principles, as was done by Moses. And it is to this fact probably that we must trace the secret power which arises from a sincere and intelligent study of the inspired writings to reform life and to convert souls to right desires after deeper truth. In the Pentateuch we find in an orderly though less pronounced form than in the Exercises of St. Ignatius, the successive steps of the purgative, illuminative, and unitive way, by which man is rendered capable and inclined to root out his disorderly appetites, to understand the will of God, and gradually to bring his entire life into conformity with the divine law.

The first and fundamental step in this process is the meditation upon the origin and end of man and of all creatures around him. The object of this reflection is to make man realize his dependence on God, and to produce in the soul that indifference to created objects which establishes the dignity of his relations to his Creator upon a solid and permanent basis.

Next follows the consideration of the falling away from this dependence, and the results of the fall which disobedience to the divine law implies, the penalty of sin on earth, and eternal loss.

It is this theme which St. Ignatius proposes during the first week of his Exercises, with the additions that help the mind to their full realization. It is precisely this same theme which Moses proposes as the first part of the exercises and instructions to which he is about to introduce the Israelites; and viewed in this light the story of the Creation, with its additions illustrative of a special providence over the chosen people from the very beginning, can present nothing strange to the reader who therefrom learns to understand the divine economy of a thorough reform. We shall see why such a reform, radical and positive, was especially needed in the case of the Israelites who had been inured to the strange worship of Egyptian idols for generations. We shall also see how, in the disposition of his instructions and laws, Moses carefully and indulgently adapts himself to the weaknesses and

prejudices of his people, so far as this was compatible with the high principle of the revelation vouchsafed to him. He kept what remained good of the inherited natural law and of the patriarchal traditions; he adapted old customs to new practices by substituting nobler aims; he preserved the language of Egypt, symbolical or literal, wherever it would not mislead the mind into channels of idolatry or the service of self-love. Thus he led Israel, step by step, until he had built up for them a new centre of worship distinctly divine and utterly separate from that of the Gentile world around them. This was his first step—and the outline of the scheme, the front page of the Mosaic exercises was the first Book of the Pentateuch, the series of meditations which we know as

THE STORY OF GENESIS.

The points in that meditation were, roughly sketched, as follow:

I. *The Creation* (of matter and life, organic and animal)—
   1. Primal period of matter formation.
   2. Light diffused.
   3. Heavenly bodies the conductors of local light.
   4. Vegetation in sea and on land.
   5. Development of fixed sidereal motion—the planetary system, sun, moon, stars.
   6. Living creatures in sea and land.
   7. Animal development—man and his sustenance.
   8. Rest—the Sabbath.

II. *Man.*
   1. His endowments.
   2. His condition in Eden.
   3. The sphere of woman.

III. *Man's Fall.*
   1. The abuse of freedom.
   2. The result of the transgression, knowledge of sin and the loss of peace.

IV. *Heredity of Evil*—its growth and result.
   1. Man learns—benefits and bitterness of experience.
   2. The penalty of continued sin—destruction of the race (the Deluge).

3. Saving methods—(Noah).
4. New Life.
5. Relapse into sin.
6. Second penalty — not destruction, but confusion of language.
7. Dawn of a Messiah in the promises made to Abraham—Isaac—Jacob—Joseph, whose body the Israelites had now in their midst, brought with them from Egypt and honored as a relic which was to witness their fidelity henceforth.

Such was the main line of thought along which Moses would lead the reflections of his people for a time. They were the embodiment of the historical traditions which had come down to them from Abraham. The elders might know these traditions, and Moses had learnt them, as we saw, from the lips of his pious Hebrew mother Jochabed, and probably from Amram, his father, as had also Aaron and Miriam. They had been written even and preserved in stone tablets and monuments of the farther East, although there was no one to vouch for their accuracy, as Yahwe would do now by inspiring Moses, His prophet, to reproduce them in their essential truths.

Thus we shall know how to regard the differences here and there to be found between the accounts of the Creation and the Fall and the Deluge recorded in the Babylonian brick tablets, written long before the time of Moses, and the inspired Biblical account. The one is a testimony of traditions narrated by the uncertain historian, biassed or otherwise ; the other is a record which bears the sign manual of the Holy Ghost as to its substantial correctness, notwithstanding the fact that it is in a language that needs interpretation from an authorized teacher, such as the Church.

# Student's Library Table.

## RECENT SCIENCE.

**The Mediæval Church and Anatomy.**—In the introduction to *Social England Illustrated*, a collection of seventeenth century tracts which forms one of the volumes of the new edition of *An English Garner*,[1] Mr. Andrew Lang repeats the old slander with regard to the supposed unfavorable attitude of the Church and the Popes to the study of anatomy in the later Middle Ages. The expression used is all the more unpardonable, as it was absolutely needless, and has no foundation in reality. Mr. Lang says that Dr. Caius, who remained faithful to the old Roman Church during the Reformation in England, in order to avoid "the bustling of the university up and down in matters of religion, migrated to the schools of Padua. Here the celebrated Vesalius was Caius' teacher in anatomy, a study for which the Church in the Middle Ages professed no admiration."

Mr. Lang, of course, is not so much to blame, since practically every history of anatomy published in English repeats the old story that dissection was forbidden by a Papal bull, which thus prevented the development of the science of anatomy for two hundred years. As a matter of fact, as was shown by Dr. James J. Walsh in an article published in *The Messenger*, and subsequently in *The Medical Library and Historical Journal*, the two centuries that are supposed to be devoid of anatomical progress are a period of important discoveries in anatomy, and their medical history is replete with records which show that dissection was required at all the mediæval universities during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though the Papal bull was supposed to have been issued about 1300.

The supposed bull is really a Papal document forbidding the cutting up of the bodies of the Crusaders, and boiling them for the purpose of carrying them home to be buried in Europe. This

[1] Archibald Constable & Company, Limited, Westminster, 1903.

custom Boniface VIII declared to be barbarous, branded it as un-Christian, and absolutely forbade it on pain of excommunication. This was really a great sanitary measure, as may be readily understood. Autopsies continued to be made, as is shown by the records of the University of Bologna and by all the important historians of the science of anatomy. It is evident that the bull was not only not aimed at the practice of dissection, but that it was not even misconstrued as a discouragement of the teaching or study of anatomy by investigations on the human cadaver. The most distinguished name in the fourteenth century in the history of surgery is Guy de Chauliac, the distinguished French anatomist, the Father of Surgery, as he has been called. In a book, published about the middle of the fourteenth century, he suggests the necessity for every medical student doing dissections, and advises that municipal authorities should be asked to deliver the bodies of malefactors to the medical schools for this purpose. At the time that he gave this advice, he was physician to the Pope, and a member of the Papal household. His advice was carried out at Montpelier at a time when the Popes were the special patrons of the University, and when one of them, Urban IV, who was an alumnus of Montpelier, had just given a foundation, by which it was hoped that the medical school would be saved from the deterioration which had come over it for lack of funds.

Another proof of how deeply rooted in present historical tradition is this fable of the papal interference with dissection may be found in some recent expressions of Mr. Andrew D. White, sometime President of Cornell University, and until quite lately our ambassador to Germany, who is at least supposed to be a widely read historian, especially in matters relating to science, and is often quoted as an authority on such matters. He says in his article on Fra Palo Sarpi in the January number of *The Atlantic Monthly:* "When the Church frowned upon anatomical dissections the Venetians allowed Vesalius to make such dissections at their university at Padua." The presumption from such a passage must be that only for the Venetian opposition to the Holy See this would not have been allowed. As a matter of fact, Vesalius taught alternately at Padua and at Bologna, during several years

in Italy, although at the time Bologna was a papal city, and the university was directly under the control of the Popes. Vesalius for his first lesson in dissection went down to the University of Montpelier, which, at a time when the Popes were at Avignon as the result of the initiative of Guy de Chauliac, father of modern surgery, who was a member of the papal household, established courses in public dissection, and secured material for them by obtaining permission to use the bodies of malefactors for anatomical purposes.

Vesalius himself was a faithful son of the Church and remained so to the end of his life.

**Turbine Steamships.**—We mentioned last month the expression of Mr. George Westinghouse that the turbine engine was not the engine of the future, but is actually the engine of the present. Some very fast-running steamers for private use have already been equipped with this engine, and it is now well known with what ease these vessels can show their heels to even the fastest of the ordinary type of steamships. We understand that two large vessels to be equipped with turbine engines are now in course of construction for ocean traffic between Quebec and Liverpool. The required speed is only to be seventeen knots an hour in a vessel of 12,000 tons, so that it is economy of fuel rather than speed that is to be obtained with the new boats, though they will shorten the trip from Quebec to Liverpool by more than a day.

It is only a matter of time now until the fast passenger service between New York and the great European ports will be carried in turbine steamships. Already nautical engineers see the approach of a four-day passage with these new engines. Mr. Parsons, who is the inventor of one form of turbine to be used on board steam vessels, not long since proposed to the British government, under heavy penalties in case of failure to fulfil his contract, to design a British cruiser of 5,000 tons burden with 80,000 indicated horsepower and capable of running at the speed of about fifty miles an hour. This proposition we understand is still under consideration by the Admiralty Board.

The principle of the turbine for use on steamships is as simple as could well be imagined. It consists, in brief, of an axle with a number of vanes attached to it which is placed in a cylinder con-

taining a number of other alternating vanes, and, as the steam forces itself through the cylinder, the stationary blades or vanes within the cylinder direct the force of the steam against the movable vanes attached to the axle. This forces them to move and causes the rotation of the axle. This movement can be made very fast if desired. There is no backward motion of the engine, no reciprocation, in a word, and the direct motion of this axle is used in turning the propeller of the vessel which may be made to go as fast as desired, up to very high speed. It is easy to understand that this simple form of engine reduces the weight of the machinery very much and also reduces the space necessary for it, thus giving opportunities for greater carrying power in room and actual tonnage. It communicates very little vibration to the vessel; and besides, a much smaller staff of men is required to take care of the machinery, thus leaving more room for the carrying of passengers in quarters that would otherwise have to be given up to engineers and employees.

**Geographic Progress.**—Perhaps the most interestingly practical feature of modern scientific advance is to be found in the revolution of ideas with regard to the physical geography of the earth, which has taken place in the last few years. A quarter of a century ago, much of the Far West in America was set down as a desert, which, under the various names of the "staked plain," the "bad lands," "alkali deserts," and so forth, was supposed to be utterly irreclaimable for purposes of agriculture. With the march of civilization westward, these designations have disappeared from our geographies, because they no longer represent any approach to truth in the matter. Twenty-five years ago, South Africa was looked upon as absolutely uninhabitable for the white man, except in certain portions along the coast, and at the Southern extremities. Now it is well known that most of the country is perfectly inhabitable, and that when the proper regulation of malaria succeeds in limiting that disease, South Africa will have a large and active population.

At the North geographical surprises are quite as great as at the South. In the last ten years Siberia has been opened up by intending settlers, quite as our own great Northwest was, twenty years ago; and there seems no doubt now that it will become

within a very short time one of the richest wheat countries in the world. The supposed frozen plains of Northern Siberia have proved to be very rich, fertile fields, which even in the short space of three months of warm weather bring forth and ripen some of the best wheat in the world. Within the last five years the same truth has been brought home to us with regard to Canada. Last year, at the Roman Catholic mission at Fort Providence, on the Mackenzie River, an excellent wheat crop was sowed and harvested within ninety days. Fort Providence is nearly twelve hundred miles north of Montreal. Perhaps a better idea of what might be expected of its climate can be obtained from the reflection that it is on the sixty-second parallel of North Latitude, that is, in the same latitude as Southern Greenland.

The Canadian Northwest bids fair to furnish magnificent agricultural lands for many millions of farmers. Their produce and the industries connected with the farms will support additional millions. The cry that the world is becoming too small for its population is entirely unwarranted. Between Siberia and South Africa and Central and Northwestern Canada, there is room for all the possible increase of population that may take place during several hundred years at least in spite of the ominous prophecies of the Malthusians. Those who would insist on the necessity for the limitation of population on the false principle that while increase of population occurs in a geometrical ratio, increase of foodstuff develops only in an arithmetical ratio, must realize, in the face of these facts, that their hypothesis can have no application in our present-day existence, though it may possibly be of interest to distantly future generations.

As a consequence of the development of the Canadian Northwest there has come the question of a new water route to Europe. It is proposed to send vessels during the five months in which navigation in Hudson's Bay is open, from the shores of this bay direct to Liverpool. Our older geographical knowledge would not lead us to suspect that this would constitute a saving in distance. The distance from Winnipeg to Liverpool, however, by way of Hudson Bay is over six hundred miles shorter than by way of Montreal. Duluth is nearly five hundred miles nearer Liverpool by this route than by way of New York. Even St. Paul is

thus nearly two hundred miles nearer Liverpool than by way of New York.

It is no wonder then that the Canadian Government has recently granted charters to no less than eight railroads that are to have their termini on the shores of Hudson Bay. The new transcontinental line across Canada, many hundreds of miles farther north than the Canadian Pacific, will be an established fact within a few years, and a spur from this line to Hudson Bay will form a great feeder for lines of vessels setting out thence. As the territory is immensely rich in minerals, there will be much more than agriculture to furnish materials for transportation. The main drawback is the long months during which navigation is completely closed over half the year. It is thought, however, that the wheat grown each summer can be harvested and shipped to Europe each autumn before the closing of navigation.

**The Sun-Spots and Terrestrial Magnetism.**—An excellent idea of the wonderful unity there is notwithstanding the immensity of the universe, can be gathered from the observations that have been made in regard to the modifications of terrestrial magnetism during the course of the huge storms in the sun's atmosphere, which are revealed to us as sun-spots. It has been noted that, whenever the sun presents a single very large spot or a series of spots—and such series are apt to occur in definite cycles—there are marked changes in the magnetic conditions of the earth's atmosphere, and also very probably of the whole terrestrial sphere. This causes a simultaneous appearance of the Aurora borealis and great disturbances in electrical instruments, so that telegraphing often becomes extremely difficult, at times even practically impossible.

Not long since at a meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry it was pointed out that the occurrence of sun-spots is not without certain dangers in the ordinary affairs of life. It is at times when sun-spots are most numerous that static electricity, that is, that form of electricity which readily gives sparks, develops.

An ordinary electro-static machine may fail entirely to work, especially during damp weather, if the disturbances in the sun's atmosphere, and consequently the presence of terrestrial mag-

netism, are at a minimum. On the other hand, during sun storms it is very easy in dry weather to walk up and down the carpet of a room and develop enough static electricity in one's own person to be able to light an open jet of gas. This of course is very well known, and is the subject of frequent observation. It is not an unusual thing in shaking hands with a friend on such a day to have a little electric shock passed.

A curious additional observation is that it is on such days particularly that other forms of static electricity, such as may be obtained by the contact of sealing-wax and silk, or by rubbing a glass rod with a silk handkerchief, may be most abundantly developed. If a cat's back be rubbed the wrong way at the height of an electro-magnetic storm, the static electricity obtained will make quite a display in the dark. But it may as well be said at once that pussy will not like it, and that one needs to be on very friendly terms with her, and, besides, must be ready to let her go after a moment, for even a life-long friendship may be scratched out under such circumstances.

These phenomena are interesting enough, but in the presence of high explosives they might easily prove extremely dangerous. For instance, a man walking on a piece of wool, just before he came near a counter charged with high explosives, might possibly ignite them by the spark that would spring from him. If cats were allowed to roam at will through buildings in which explosives were stored, and were, for instance, permitted to rub their way between boxes situated more or less closely together, or to crawl through a hole that produced a certain amount of friction on fur, the results under favorable conditions might be appalling. Before the Chemical Society, attention was also called to the fact that during periods of sun-spot activity, the spars of vessels may often show what is called the St. Elmo's fire, really a discharge of magneto-electricity into the air, showing that the vessel is surcharged with electricity. If, by any chance, a spark from this charge should find its way into the hold where, for instance, crude oil was stored, above which an inflammable gas or, still more dangerous, gas mixed with air may collect, the results would be terribly serious. All this, because there is a disturbance in the sun's atmosphere, over 90,000,000 miles away, shows how close are the bonds of the universe.

**The Water-Supply Problem.**[1]—During the last three or four years university towns in this country have been visited by epidemics of typhoid fever with sufficient frequency to make the subject of the water supply of colleges and academies of all kinds an extremely important matter. In the wave of public sentiment that has been aroused it has become clear that the authorities at educational institutions, at least to some extent, will be held responsible for the dangers those in attendance may incur, if the faculty could have possibly foreseen and guarded against such dangers. With the modern knowledge of the bacteriology of water it is futile to say that such epidemics can occur without due warning. Typhoid fever never originates anew, but is always connected directly with preceding cases of the disease, the excretions from which have somehow found their way into the water supply or the food materials of those who afterwards acquire the disease.

Mr. Dibdin's book is not intended especially for popular information upon this subject. It is rather for specialists. By this very fact, however, it gives exact information and contains many valuable suggestions. With regard to the purification of water, filtration is undoubtedly the only means that can be employed with hope of success. The use of small domestic filters, however, instead of being a help, constitutes rather an added danger, when water supplies have become infected. The active principle in the purification of water by filtration is not the mechanical removal of offending material, but is the destruction of such living elements as occur in water by other living elements, which, removing the oxygen and other materials necessary for the life of pathogenic bacteria, cause their death. There are certain forms of filters constructed on the principle devised by Pasteur which may be of help in the purification of water. Even these, however, need careful and frequent cleansing. When there is danger of disease-propagation by water, the only surely efficacious prophylactic measure is the boiling of water.

On the other hand, recent experiences with filtration and in the

[1] *The Purification of Sewage and Water.* By W. J. Dibdin, F.C.S., formerly Chemist and Superintending Gas Examiner to the London County Council and the late Metropolitan Board of Works. Third Edition. New York : D. van Nostrand Co. 1903.

purification even of sewage, shows that it would be perfectly possible to supply uncontaminated water to towns that really desire it, without too great expense. Badly contaminated water may be made absolutely safe for drinking purposes by properly managed, slow filtration. This is a biological, not a mechanical process. Bacteria destroy each other during the progress of the water through the filter-bed, and the result is pure water. This is important now that the increase of population in this country has made it so much more difficult to secure a water supply for towns that will not be contaminated by some sewage. In this matter Mr. Dibdin's book would make an excellent manual for members of boards of health and for such directors of educational institutions as wish to take a practical interest in the water supply from which they are perforce compelled to obtain their drinking-water. In this matter of successful filtration it is interesting to note that Mr. Dibdin gives full credit to the excellent observations which have been carried out to a successful issue in this country. There is a special word of praise very well deserved for the work accomplished at Lawrence, Massachusetts.

The book contains an interesting chapter on the influence of soft water from upland districts on lead pipes, with the consequent production of lead-poisoning. Within these last twenty-five years a number of cases have been reported, in which lead-poisoning occurred as the result of soft water flowing through lead pipes. Hard water has not the same effect, but, on the contrary, produces a protective coating of insoluble carbonates on the inside of the pipes, rendering even the distribution of soft water subsequently harmless. This is a matter usually sufficiently guarded against in public-water supplies, but is sometimes not attended to when there is question of a private water supply for country houses, asylums, and educational and charitable institutions of various kinds, and therefore should always be borne in mind, unless an expert sanitary engineer, whose business it is to see to such details, has been employed. Even then it is well to demand and receive assurances as to the possible conditions in this matter.

# Studies and Conferences.

## POPE PIUS X AND THE JUBILEE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE celebration of the fiftieth Anniversary of the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception has received fresh impetus from the Encyclical Letter (the full text of which we print in the current issue of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW), dated February 2d of this year.

His Holiness expresses the hope that upon this occasion of the renewal of the memory of the Immaculate Conception, an echo of the holy joy which was felt by the faithful fifty years ago will be awakened in our minds, and that those magnificent scenes of a distant day, proving our love for the Mother of God, will be repeated. He wishes this the more because he feels that the great hopes entertained at the time of the solemn promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception will be fulfilled in the near future. He mentions the causes of gratitude which should impress us with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, naming many gifts which have been bestowed by Mary. The first and chief reason, however, which should excite to fervor is that which was insisted upon in the inaugural Encyclical, namely, that by Our Blessed Lady all mankind is united in Christ; upon her as a foundation, the noblest after Christ, rises the edifice of the faith of centuries; that through her, more than any other means, we have offered to us a way of attaining to Jesus Christ. Through Mary we arrive at the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and therefore, the Holy Father states that all solemnities, everywhere being prepared in honor of the Immaculate Conception, should have in view the knowledge and love of Christ. The acts of devotion performed during the Jubilee are not to be the mere appearances of piety—the heart and will should conspire. Homage to Mary should bring change of evil life by the imitation of her virtues, particularly those of faith, hope, and charity to God and our neighbor. In the Immaculate Conception will be found great assistance for the preservation and

right development of these virtues. Faith will be confirmed, hope aroused, and the precept of charity fulfilled.

THE PRIVILEGES AND OBLIGATIONS

connected with the Jubilee Indulgence are as follows:

*To those living in Rome:* A plenary indulgence is accorded to all the faithful who from the first Sunday in Lent to the second day of June shall three times visit one of the four Patriarchal Basilicas, and there pray for the Church and the Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of all in error, the concord of Christian princes, the peace and unity of the faithful, and according to the intention of the Pope, provided that, within the stated period, they shall fast once, except on days not included in the Lenten Indult, and shall go to Confession and Communion.

*To those outside Rome:* A plenary indulgence is offered to all who within the time above mentioned or during a space of three months, even though not continuous, to be definitely appointed by the local Ordinaries, but before the eighth of December, 1904, shall three times visit the cathedral church, or, if there be not one, the parish church, or, in the absence of this, the principal church, and devoutly fulfil the works above mentioned. This indulgence, which is to be gained only once, may be applied to the souls in purgatory.

To confessors approved by their Ordinaries, faculties are granted for commuting the above works for other works of piety. To all the faithful, without distinction, the privilege is accorded of selecting any priest among those approved, by whom they may be absolved from all censures and sins, not excepting those otherwise reserved. The said priests may commute to other works of piety vows except those of chastity, of religion, and of obligations which concern the rights of third persons. In the case of penitents in sacred orders such confessors may dispense from all irregularities contracted solely by violation of censures affecting the exercise of said orders or their promotion to higher orders.

This document does not dispense from irregularities, or from crime involving public notoriety; nor are the provisions of the Constitution *Sacramentum poenitentiae* of Benedict XIV hereby rendered void; neither does the letter apply to those who have

been publicly suspended, unless they satisfy the obligations imposed by authority within the allotted time.

Other indulgences are not revoked.

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## HYMNS IN THE VERNACULAR AT THE SOLEMN SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

*Qu.* The Sovereign Pontiff forbids the singing of hymns in the vernacular at the public services of the Church.

From time immemorial we have sung the favorite hymns to our Blessed Lady at Benediction in the month of May and also to St. Joseph in March, and to the Sacred Heart in June. Without these our devotion would be decidedly poor, for we should have nothing to take the place of these very pleasing hymns which, as a rule, are not at all theatrical or suggestive of worldly songs. Would not the Holy Father tolerate these hymns until we can do the more grave Gregorian music in such a way as to make it attractive and really devotional?

Are women absolutely debarred from singing in church at the service?

*Resp.* The Holy Father has not forbidden hymns in the vernacular at public or private devotions. What he prohibits, and what has always been prohibited (though the prohibition has not always been observed), is the singing of vernacular hymns *in solemn liturgical functions.* Solemn *liturgical* functions (which are to be distinguished from solemn *devotional* functions) are those rites and ceremonies which are prescribed in the Missal, the Breviary, and the Roman Ritual. They are principally,

(1) The *Solemn Mass*, which is a continuous liturgical act; hence its rites and accompanying Latin chant must not be interrupted by any act or chant other than found in the missal.

(2) The *Canonical Office* chanted in choir, which is likewise a continuous and harmoniously combined liturgical act of adoration.

(3) The solemn sacramental acts, such as the rites of ordination, burial, etc., having rubrics and a form to be observed in their public administration.

Now in all these functions, called liturgical, the Church acts and speaks; and her language is the majestic and unchanged Latin which she employed from the earliest times in her solemn

worship. This language may and should indeed be interpreted so as to be fully understood by the faithful; and such is the common practice in all lands. But the prescribed liturgy must not be interfered with, altered, replaced by forms or words and sentiments chosen at the discretion of the individual. To mutilate, shorten, or lengthen them beyond the precise limits prescribed is to take liberties with the sacred function of the Church.

Hence the impropriety of chanting in choir the *translated* liturgical forms which the celebrant intones at the altar in the Latin, which is the language of the Church; or of interrupting the solemn strains of the ancient voice by the introduction of hymns, however pretty and devotional, as though the solemn utterances of our King from His tabernacle on the holy mountain required the petty interpretation of the servants attending His veiled Majesty.

It is against this impropriety that the Holy Father legislates, because it makes little of the liturgy and much of individual emotion. We may not forget that the object of our worship is to adore His presence rather than to be moved. Emotion as an incentive to devotion has indeed its place in religion, and the Church provides for its expression in proper time and place. But apart from this she maintains her solemn ritual.

*Apart therefore from the liturgical act*, that is to say, whenever the action does not interfere with, or obscure, or curtail, or mutilate the prescribed functions of the Church speaking in the hallowed Latin tongue, the singing of hymns in the mother tongue of the faithful is not only allowed, but provided for in the legislation of the Church.

Thus devotional hymns may be sung:

1. during Low Mass;

2. before and after Solemn Mass;

3. before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, except from the *Tantum ergo* to the end of the Blessing;

4. in all other sacred services, such as Triduums, Novenas, Devotions in honor of some particular mystery or saint, etc.

With regard to the *Te Deum*, when prescribed or introduced into the service proper, it is to be chanted in Latin. But when sung after the service, it may be in the vernacular. This is be-

cause the *Te Deum* is a liturgical hymn, and whenever used in solemn service must be retained in its original form.

But as regards the character of the hymns which may be sung in the vernacular, it must be remembered that the canon which the Holy Father wishes to have applied to the use of modern music in the Church, holds good here also, namely: "modern music is admitted in the Church, since it, too, furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety, and gravity, that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions." Only these hymns must "contain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned, even in their external forms, after the manner of profane pieces." These are the words of the Sovereign Pontiff applied to the music. They indicate the style of hymns to be used in the service, but always in such restricted form as *not to displace or alter or mutilate the prescribed liturgical forms.*

As regards the singing of women, the Holy Father does not forbid women to sing in church; he prohibits their singing in the choir, which is properly a portion of the sanctuary and must be treated as such in connection with the public service of the Church. Congregational singing, the singing of hymns by women, is quite as lawful and becoming in church, as it is in convent chapels. We must not strain the law beyond its purpose.

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## THE JESUITS AND "THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

The well-worn calumny first printed and then bruited by Pascal, that the Jesuits formally teach the doctrine which makes the commission of sin lawful when a greater evil is thereby averted or a positive good attained, has been revived of late, and the American secular papers have given it free circulation.

This time the allegation comes from Count Hoensbroech, a man who had at one time been a member of the Jesuit Order, but has left the Society and the Catholic faith, discontented with both. For some reason or other he found it convenient to show a marked spirit of hostility toward his former colleagues and their system of education, and in July, 1903, there appeared in a monthly—the *Deutschland*—an article from him under the caption, "The End

Justifies the Means." A Berlin firm made capital of the situation by republishing the paper, revised by the author, in pamphlet form, and it was widely distributed.

The article was ostensibly occasioned by the statement which a young priest had made in a lecture delivered at Rixdorf, a village near Berlin, in which he enthusiastically offered 2,000 gulden to anyone who might prove the alleged doctrine to have ever been taught by the Jesuits. Count Hoensbroech took the curate by surprise when he claimed the offered prize, insisting that he had proved the point required. There was nothing to be done but to have a board of arbitration appointed, that the award might be made or withheld according as they judged. The commission elected consisted of a certain number of competent Catholic and Protestant university professors. When their names were presented, Count Hoensbroech objected to one of their number, Mgr. Heiner, as judge. None of the other professors was willing to accept the task of judge, and the dispute seemed likely to collapse, when Count Hoensbroech brought suit in the civil court of Treves against the priest for non-fulfilment of the agreement, which had been made in writing previous to the appointment of the professorial commission. In case the court should see fit to appoint a board of examiners with a view of determining the merits of the dispute, the Count takes exception to two professors, one the aforesaid Dr. Heiner, of Freiburg; the other, Professor Mausbach, in Münster.

The former has since then published his view of the case, which is, needless to say, opposed to Hoensbroech. The issue of the matter will, as the editor of *The Literary Digest* suggests, be interesting alike to Catholics and to those who are accustomed to view the Jesuits as emissaries of all evil.

Now as to the merits of the case, we have a right to know very well what the Jesuit authors, whose text-books Count Hoensbroech cites as evidence for his plea, teach; for these books are not only readily accessible to any student of Catholic theology, but they are also in the main the leading manual authorities used in all our seminaries for secular as well as many regular seminarists. It is noteworthy that Count Hoensbroech does not cite any authors other than Jesuits, although there are many of the secular clergy,

or of the Franciscan or Dominican Orders, who teach precisely the same doctrine, and in the same terms, which the Count singles out for his polemic. Professor Heiner shows this in his defence of Fr. Dasbach, and also points out the tactics of Hoensbroech, so commonly employed against Catholic doctrine, by which a wrong sense is imparted to an expression, or a bias is created in the reader, by the omission of the context necessary to a full and correct understanding of a writer's meaning. It is easy to prove that the inspired writer says, "there is no God;" and from these words (Ps. 13 : 1; 52 : 1) you might falsely demonstrate that the Psalmist did not believe in God, if you omit the preceding phrase which makes it: "the fool says in his heart, there is no God."

But these are trite tricks employed with more or less of the serpent's wisdom, according to the author's estimate of his reader's intelligence. We need not suppose that Count Hoensbroech had any intention of using such methods, since his judges would find it advisable to convince themselves of the truth of his statements by having recourse to the originals which he quotes. Assuming that a Jesuit author says that it is lawful to advise a wrong act in order to prevent a greater wrong, does this or can this even be legitimately made to mean that you may lawfully do wrong at any time, or that the good end justifies the evil means? The phrase as it reads may not be the best possible form of presenting the truth that you must *not* do wrong, or that you must do the best you can to prevent sin; but that is precisely what it means.

Let us apply the case in the concrete to any other form of moral teaching. Say that a judge wrote a tract or book on the subject of moral responsibility. To illustrate what is lawful under certain circumstances, although the act isolated would be seemingly wrong, he gives the following example: A police officer in the street sees a child playing upon the sill of a window some twenty feet above him. He is sure the child will fall, if not promptly rescued. Below is a vender of glassware sleeping comfortably beside his table of crockery. The passers-by shake the drowsy vender to make him realize the danger of his own child and to push aside the table, so that they might catch the babe in a cloth at hand. The father, ignorant of the cause, resists. The officer hurls table and glassware across the footpath, and beats the man,

innocent of the whole proceeding, into submission. The officer did right: so says the judge.

Now what does this judge teach? That the end in this case justified the means. But it is essentially unjust to beat an innocent man, and it is an injustice deliberately to injure another's property. Does the judge therefore lay down the principle that injustice may be done to prevent a greater evil? In other words, is this judge a teacher of false principles and a promoter of injustice and violence?

Surely not. What he teaches is a principle by which wrong and injury are prevented, and if in certain cases the whole of the injury or sin cannot possibly be prevented, that, of the aggregate of evil, at least a part may be prevented. This is the gist of the whole teaching, without entering into abstractions and distinctions in which theologians sometimes abound, to the prejudice of clear perception. Of course the perfect analogy between the act of preventing the child's death in the above-mentioned case, and that which a moralist (whether a Jesuit or other) assumes to be a sin of a grave nature, might be questioned in part, but the doubt would throw the weight of argument in favor of the Jesuit teaching, which under no circumstance sanctions the sin, but counsels the *lessening* of it by the choice of an alternative action. The conception of sin which places the fault in an act and not in the intention or malice, is a false one, although fostered by a mechanical system of placing definite weights and measures upon sin. In the conception of the acts to which the principle of means to an end is applied, the action is one, the graver part of the evil lies in that included under the term "end" which is partly lessened by the choice of a means—evil if detached, but good in its essential relation to the end.

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## THE LEAP OF LOISY FROM CATHOLIC ORTHODOXY.

In a well-written paper of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW for April, the learned Dominican, Father Vincent McNabb, of Woodchester Priory, England, analyzes the conditions which have given special importance to the position of the Abbé Loisy, recently censured by the Sacred Congregation of the Index. France,

Rome, and the Higher Criticism are the three factors that have focussed the interest of every mind that thinks, and every soul that would believe, upon the reasons of the Abbé's condemnation. To these factors we must add certain lectures published in 1902 and originally addressed by Harnack to members of the University of Berlin. These lectures have become famous under the title of *What is Christianity?* Their peculiar interest is that they are an attempt to reconcile Lutheran Protestantism and the Lutheran tenet of "the Bible only" with the theory of development. When Newman in his narrow brick-floored cell at Littlemore was casting accounts between Rome and Canterbury, he was led by the innate philosophy of his mind to review the whole character of revealed religion. Butler had taught him to look upon Revelation as continuous with Judaism. God's plan with the world of spirit was seen to be a gradual growth. It was only later on that this gradual development was formulated by other minds as a law of matter. When Newman judged between Catholicism and Protestantism, that is, between what appealed merely to the past and what appealed to past and present alike, but to the present as an outcome of the past, Butler's conception of the organic unity of the revealed Dispensation had given him a canon of criticism which was fatal to the Protestant conception of an absolutely fixed, lifeless, and immovable Christianity springing ready-made and perfect from the mind of Christ.

Harnack undertook a defence of Protestantism on lines of development, long desirable, from the viewpoint of a broad tolerant Lutheran. He tried to prove to the undergraduates of Berlin that the "Gospel," which he nowhere identifies with the New Testament, is made up of the Lutheran principle of "Living Faith," and that this Faith is to be exercised in believing in the Fatherhood of God from whom sin parted us, and by whom alone the word of forgiveness could be spoken. Any dogmas other than the brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God are considered superfluous. Luther is reprimanded for having retained the doctrine of the Trinity. It was the faith of the first ages that made a God of Jesus Christ. The only visible Church, to Harnack's mind, is that union of visible men who hold justification by Faith in the Fatherhood of God.

Seeing that Harnack's book, although in reality but a feeble and therefore dangerous defence of historical and especially dogmatic Christianity, was yet so influential with a certain number of Catholics, it was not unnatural that the Abbé Loisy should challenge the professor's conclusions and call on him to defend his defence. With this intent the Parisian professor wrote his little work called *L'Évangile et l'Église* and proceeded to cross swords with the lecturer of Berlin. Step by step the Catholic apologist followed his opponent, often drawing blood and always winning applause by his graceful manner of attack. No sooner had the Abbé's book appeared than two opinions of its merits made themselves felt. His own little knot of friends, students and fellow-workers, were not unnaturally proud that a French ecclesiastic had shown himself daring enough to challenge, and strong enough to overthrow the Colossus of German Criticism. Others, and by no means the "baser sort" of Biblical critics, were sore afraid that *L'Évangile et l'Église* was no less dangerous and assuredly more ambiguous than *What is Christianity?* For whereas the Lutheranism of Harnack was supple enough to identify itself with little less than Unitarianism, the French priest was bound in loyalty to his Church to hold the Trinity and the Incarnation. The duty of the Abbé's superiors became one of extreme difficulty. On the one hand it was evident that any condemnation of the book would only serve as matter of rejoicing to the enemies of the Church in France, at a time when it was expedient for Catholics to present an unbroken front. On the other hand, the book had been published by an Abbé on an important theological question in the Archdiocese of Paris, without the *Imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop.

On January 17, 1903, *L Évangile et l'Église* was condemned by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris. Some other Bishops of France imitated the action of the Archbishop; whilst others kept silence. It was reported that the Abbé had made a full submission. Some months later he published a defence of his little book in a new work entitled *Autour d'un petit livre*. There could be no doubt about his adherence to his views. They were repeated, and indeed emphasized in the second work. The author's facile and brilliant pen was employed, not in reassuring those of

his friends who had taken fright, but in somewhat ironically bantering the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and other prelates who had forbidden the circulation of his books in their dioceses. It was easy to see where the matter would end.

It is almost incredible how much interest was taken in the decision. Men distressed in mind very naturally strove to defend the condemned Abbé. There were not wanting earnest thoughtful Catholics who sought to screen him by saying that his little book, *L'Évangile et l'Église*, which had occasioned all the disturbance, did not represent his real mind, but only his defence against Harnack. It was evidently useless, they said, to attempt to discuss the Gospel facts with a Unitarian Lutheran as with a loyal Catholic. The first duty of a controversialist is to argue from or toward the standpoint of his opponent. Thus it was urged that Loisy could hardly employ all the principles of Catholic faith in reasoning with a Lutheran who denied the Divinity of Jesus Christ and set little store by a visible infallible Church. But those who urged this did not detect the historic parallel between their case and that of Jansenius. In the eighteenth century it was argued that the propositions which the Church had condemned from the *Augustinus* of Jansenius were very rightly condemned, but were not really in the *Augustinus*. It was a similar plea to urge that the Holy Office, having read the Abbé's works, had very wisely condemned certain ideas, but that these were not really the teachings of the Abbé. This train of reasoning could not long satisfy thinking minds who reflected that it was no very hard matter for the Abbé to condemn these opinions, if he was so minded. Moreover, it was not one book of the Abbé's that was condemned, but five. The condemnation touched not merely *L'Évangile et l'Église*, which was professedly against Harnack, but four other works, in which the Berlin professor's name appeared only incidentally, if at all.

A somewhat more distressing question was raised by those who looked upon the condemnation of the Abbé as a condemnation of the whole school of Higher Criticism. Thus, the London *Times*, of November 10th, wrote that the condemnation of *L'Évangile et l'Église*, when it took place, would be tantamount to an acknowledgment that "the Roman Catholic position is, in the view of its

highest representatives, incompatible with the acceptance of the results of historical criticism." In the London *Pilot*, of January 16th, H. C. Corrance, a convert from the Anglican Church, wrote: "Many of the Abbé Loisy's conclusions may be wrong, and may be corrected later in the light of fresh discoveries. But what he stands for is not particular views but a principle, that of the application of the scientific method to Scripture and history. The attitude of the Congregations is equally consistent and definite, as it has always been. They will not recognize the results of science or of criticism in any shape or form, to which the *Comma Joanneum* of the three witnesses is a standing testimony. They are not likely to make any weak compromise. It would confuse the issue, which is now as clean-cut and definite as possible."

As a result of the condemnation it has been argued that the Roman authorities of the Church were traditionally hostile to the Higher Criticism, which occupies itself with the historical investigation of the authenticity of the Sacred Books. In this opinion have joined, mostly under cover, some Catholic critics. But there have also been men who have equal claims with the French Abbé to be looked upon as critics, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, who have justly opposed this charge. Thus Professor Sanday, D.D., of Oxford University, writes regarding M. Loisy's work: "I am, of course, not concerned with the process by which M. Loisy arrives at his beliefs. On that subject I should have grave doubts, and from that side I should consider the tendency of his books such as to give rise to not a little anxiety. But as a student and a scholar, the objection I should take would be, not that his methods of criticism are likely to have unfortunate effects, but that as criticism they are faulty and wrong. . . . With all my admiration for M. Loisy I cannot help thinking that some parts of his teaching are really hazardous—not well founded in criticism and likely to have regrettable consequences. . . . I do not deny for a moment that M. Loisy is a very accomplished writer; he is fully acquainted with the history of criticism, and it is quite true that there is much in that history, particularly in that part of the movement with which M. Loisy seems to have most affinity, which may appear to point to the conclusions he has reached. I do not at all share in those conclusions; and the school that M. Loisy most

favors I believe to be radically unsound: . . . From the paternal standpoint of the Church of Rome it seems to me, if I may say so, that the authorities have acted wisely. . . . I do not understand that any insuperable barrier has been placed in the way of future progress, but that what has happened may be taken to be just an intimation of the need for caution." Evidently the professor does not think that the Roman Congregations "will not recognize the results of science or of criticism in any shape or form."

Another well-informed writer in the *Times* Literary Supplement, speaking of Père Lagrange, the editor of the *Revue Biblique*, writes: "Certainly it is a great credit to the Père Lagrange that he has done more than any one else to obtain a recognition of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament in the Roman Church. At the *Congrès Internationale des Catholiques* at Fribourg, held in 1897, his speech in favor of the Higher Criticism was received with great applause; it was published in the *Revue Biblique*, and escaped condemnation, although any continuation was apparently checked. Since then he has published six lectures delivered at the *Institut Catholique* at Toulouse on *La Méthode Historique surtout à propos de l'Ancien Testament*, in which he accepts the Higher Criticism but dissociates himself from M. Loisy. Pope Leo XIII made him a member of the Biblical Commission. In the January number of the *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclésiastique* he has published a vigorous criticism of M. Loisy's recent works; but it is significant that it shows that his methods are fundamentally the same—his differences are really only as to results." Evidently neither Père Lagrange nor his panegyrist thinks that Rome has banned the Higher Critics. A witness of even higher authority may be found in an article contributed to *Le Correspondant* by Monseigneur Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, and quoted in the *Pilot*, January 23d. "Our faith would be in jeopardy if by the word faith we understood the collection of so-called traditionary beliefs, received without any examination; it would be in jeopardy, for instance, with many intellects if we were to stick to the old cosmogony, the common chronology, to the vulgar notions about the authenticity, integrity, mode of composition of our books, their dates and authors, the confidence they deserve when touching history or

science. . . . Our opponents twit us with an ignorance of the progress of criticism or even hostility to it; they will have it that it is incompatible with the teaching of the Roman Church representing, above all, a principle of undisputed authority." But the Archbishop rejects the idea that Rome is flying in the face of criticism. Thus we are led to concede that the condemnation of the Abbé Loisy is a historical phenomenon of no slight interest; but to look upon it as Rome's rejection of scientific methods would be to practise that transfiguration of facts which it is the custom of the advanced critics to attribute to Christians of the first ages.

Examining the statements of *L'Évangile et l'Église*, Father McNabb is convinced that the Abbé Loisy would have made a better defence or apology for his Church had he kept clearly before his mind three most important principles.

Reason, working on the mysteries of faith, can only prove that they are not impossible.

Psychical, and still more, supernatural forces, enter the sphere of experience, *i. e.*, history, only by their effects.

The theory of a spiritual substance and spiritual interference or control over matter gives a more complete and intelligible synthesis of so-called religious phenomena.

Loisy concedes too much to Harnack when he grants that the Saviour of the world had no clear consciousness of being anything more than the Judaic Messiah destined to inaugurate a kingdom of which He did not see the end or scope. This is to grant that the historical Christ had no clear notion of His Godhead. In plain words it is to assert that Jesus Christ did not know or announce that He was the true God. And a God is nothing if not self-conscious. For us it means He was not God.

But the Christianity which has transformed the world, believed that the Legate from on high was no other than the Eternal Son, Light of Light, God of God. If, at the end of time, we are to be told, as M. Loisy tells, that the historic Christ was not born of a Virgin, was not conscious of His Godhead, did not die to be our holocaust, did not rise in flesh and blood from the tomb, did not found the Church nor institute the real presence of His Flesh and Blood under forms of bread and wine, it will not

satisfy us to add for our comfort that, though these things are not historically true, the faith of the early Christians believed that they were. What avails their faith, if it stands in opposition to fact? Can any simple-minded soul long hold to a theology which flies in the face of history? Can faith long rest on a denial of reason? No! One or other must sooner or later rule the soul, if not in harmony with the other, then to its exclusion. But we have no cause to think that a harmony is impossible, even though M. Loisy's well-meant effort to harmonize them by affirming the credibility and denying the historicity of the fundamental dogmas of Christianity can lead to nothing but insincerity of thought and sterility of belief.

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## THE VALIDITY OF MARRIAGES RECOGNIZED BY THE CHURCH.

*Qu.* Would you kindly give a clear, brief statement of what the Church regards as valid marriages outside her own pale? My wife and I were recently invited to a church festival at which a dinner or luncheon was given for the benefit of the school connected with the parish. I do not know who made up the list of guests, for the invitations were signed by a committee, and the idea was to pass a subscription blank after the covers had been removed. My wife sat next to a lady, married, it was supposed, to a prominent politician who was also present. He had been divorced, and his friends said rather hard things about the moral side of his life. These two persons were not Catholics, and my wife knew them by reputation only. On returning home, she objected strenuously to our attending again such gatherings, even though held in the name of charity, since it obliged us to a certain familiarity with people whom we would not admit to our house, nor recognize any more than we would other public moral lepers dressed in good clothes. I spoke to our pastor about the matter, stating to him that I regarded divorced men, like the politician in question, in the light of polygamists, and that I could not respect a woman who would attach herself to such people. I begged him not to invite us to such association again, although I was quite willing to contribute to the support of any charity he saw fit to inaugurate.

The priest informed me that Mr. N. was legitimately married; that his first marriage had been to a Catholic, but was null and void, because he had not been baptized; that, for the rest, being validly

married, he was no worse than many Catholic politicians who made pretension to religion; whereas he was a good fellow and openly declared his infidelity; so did his present wife. He also mentioned Magdalen.

I am not well booked in theology, but am proud of my faith, because I know it only as imparting a very high standard of morality. I think others of your readers would profit by a simple statement of what renders a marriage of infidels valid in the eyes of the Church, and what makes such marriages invalid.

*Resp.* A marriage is considered valid—

(*a*) When *neither* of the two contracting parties are baptized;

(*b*) when *both* of them are baptized;

(*c*) when the baptism of *one is doubtful*, and that of *the other certain;*

(*d*) when the baptism of *both is doubtful.*

In the matter of marriage, doubtful baptism (whether it regards the *fact* of having been administered, or only the *validity* of its administration) is *equivalent to certain baptism*, and, until disproved by positive evidence, renders the contract valid.

The validity of a man's marriage does not, of course, entitle him to being identified with Catholic charity-work, from which persons of notoriously bad repute, whether they call themselves infidels or Catholics, ought to be excluded. If it be legitimate at any time to take their money for a charitable purpose, it does not imply that we may take their company or force it upon Catholics who rightly object to such association under any plea. It is well to draw the line. Magdalen is no argument to the contrary, for she came to the table of Simon, not to feast, but to weep at the feet of Christ.

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## IS CONFIRMATION TO BE REPEATED?

*Qu.* I would like to have your opinion on this case. It is that of a girl whose mother is a Protestant and whose father was a Catholic. The girl was baptized in St. M—'s P. E. church, which has for many years had ministers of pronounced ritualistic tendencies. Some time afterwards she was admitted to a Catholic Industrial Home. It seems to have been taken for granted that she was a Catholic. So she was

prepared for confession and received first Holy Communion and was confirmed by the Bishop. Next she was placed in a House of the Good Shepherd, when some light was thrown on her antecedents. She was there baptized conditionally. She is now and has been for some time in service with a Catholic lady who desires to have her confirmed. What should be done?

*Resp.* The baptism in the P. E. church, especially as administered by a High Church minister who accepts the Catholic doctrine regarding the necessity of regeneration and the mode of baptizing, probably was valid, and under ordinary circumstances, if properly attested, would be recognized as such. In that case the other Sacraments received in the Catholic Church were also valid.

Since, however, the conditional baptism indicates some doubt on the part of the priest whose office it was to investigate the particular case, the administration of the other Sacraments becomes likewise doubtful. Hence sacramental absolution after a general confession, and Confirmation, would have to be administered again conditionally.

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## PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN AS THE LANGUAGE OF THE CHURCH.

In a well written brochure of some seventy pages, Professor Scheier, of Notre Dame University, makes a plea for the adoption of the Roman pronunciation of Latin used in the age of Augustus, which represents the classical period of the language. That pronunciation differs somewhat from the present not quite uniform usage on the continent of Europe. It is to be remembered, however, that Latin, besides being a classical and liturgical language (in which senses it may be classed with the so-called dead languages), is to-day a living, that is to say a *spoken* language among the clergy of the Catholic Church and in her international institutions. Now as such, that is, as a living tongue, its pronunciation is not regulated by reference to any literary standard of the past. We study Chaucer in the schools, but we do not pronounce the English words which we retain from Chaucer as they were pronounced in his day; nor need we do so in order to justify the correctness of our speech. Usage is the law of right language, and when there is question of correct pronunciation we usually

refer to some recognized centre of converse where the best usage obtains, such as Paris, or Dublin, or Florence, or Dresden for the respective idioms used in these cities. The recognized centre of the Latin language, regarded *as a living and spoken idiom*, is Rome. From Rome and to Rome lead all the avenues in which the Latin language is echoed, spoken, or chanted, both in the elegant phrase of scholarship and in the limited forms of mediæval simplicity. The student of scholastic philosophy and of Catholic theology, the chorister and the canonist, all recognize in their religious allegiance that universal citizenship within the Church which makes them *Roman Catholics*. That single term expresses the concept of catholicity or universality, to be of a quality which derives its language as well as its unity of doctrine and discipline from Rome.

This unity, attested by the one common tongue used in the liturgy, in the promulgation of laws and ordinances of ecclesiastical discipline, and in the exchange of views which benefit and bind together the interests of people otherwise widely separated by nationality and habitation, is at the same time a testimony of the antiquity and unchangeableness of the eternal truths of which the Roman Church is the grand and central depositary.

We said above, that the pronunciation of the Latin tongue as a living medium of speech has undergone some changes since the Augustan age. But that does not imply that the language itself has lost the original meaning of its words or their force. In this respect the Latin, like most of the classical languages of old, differs from modern tongues. These change their meaning. A "knave" in English once meant a noble attendant (esquire), then a boy, or, as in Shakespeare's time, a friend. But now it means a trickster, a villain. So it is with many other words in our tongue. Not so in the Latin. Hence we can not only trace the meaning of ancient doctrine and ancient practice through that venerable tongue, but we retain that meaning unaltered, and thus by a divine providence the sacred and immutable teaching of Christ is transmitted to us unchanged in the words of Councils and Fathers and liturgy, as well as through the ancient version of Scripture. And as we read to-day the ancient *Credo* of the days of Clement of Rome, and say the *Pater Noster* as did Justin Martyr, and chant

the *Te Deum* as in the age of Augustine, so do we conserve their faith and the practices sanctioned by Apostolic usage. And so it will still be when Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand comes to view the ruined remnants of Christopher Wren's Cathedral monument at St. Paul's, London, and to the end of days.

Hence the care with which the Catholic Church guards the preservation of that language, not only in the administrative functions which proceed from the Sovereign Pontiff in Rome, but also in her canons of faith, and, above all, in her sacred liturgy; for the liturgy, whilst it is a public worship, the same in every land, and from every lip of priest and minister ordained to the service of God, expressing petition and gratitude and adoration, is at the same time a profession of faith. When we chant *Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto*, we do not only glorify God, but we express our belief in the Holy Trinity, and the antiquity of that prayer is a proof of the antiquity of our faith in the Triune Godhead.

Apart from this the Latin tongue has a wonderfully effective power to develop thought, and thus to influence the formation of character. Its educational effect lies in this as well as in the countless treasures of noble art which its literature, Pagan as well as Christian, open to us.

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## A SUGGESTION TO PROMOTE CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN HARMONY WITH THE LITURGY.

(Communicated.)

DEAR SIR:—Those who are really interested in promoting the admirable reform of our Holy Father in the matter of the liturgical chant meet with not a few difficulties arising from the actual condition of things in our churches. The New England Bishops who have happily taken up the matter propose that the beginning be made with the school children. These are to be taught the Latin hymns and antiphons commonly used in the liturgy, so as to be able to sing them later at the service. It stands to reason that the Latin hymns can be taught only to the older children who read; and that is well. Would it not be a great advantage if these Latin hymns with their liturgical or traditional chant were translated into the *same rhythm*, so that the smaller children could sing them to the actual melody used for the

Latin? Thus they would early learn the *meaning* as well as the *air* of the liturgical prayers, and the transition to the use of Latin would become easy and intelligent.

CHOIRMASTER.

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## PONTIFICAL ENCOURAGEMENT FOR STUDENTS OF THE BIBLE.

In addition to the Letter which the Holy Father addressed to the Cardinals of the Commission on Scriptural Studies a short time ago, defining the scope of their activity and authority, there appears now an Instruction from the same source touching the subject of academic honors to be accorded students who devote themselves to this particular branch of theological science. The Pontiff has in mind, in the first place, ecclesiastical students, of whom he expects that they give special attention not only to the interpretation of the Bible, but also to its defence as the authentic deposit of a divine revelation. He provides for academical degrees in Scripture under the following conditions: Candidates who aspire to the licentiate and doctorate must, besides having obtained a regular degree in course of theology at some approved university, undergo an oral and written examination before a Board of the Biblical Commission consisting of at least five judges. This examination includes a written thesis approved by the Commission which the candidate shall have to defend against critics at a public meeting in Rome. The doctorate may not be applied for effectually until a year after the granting of the licentiate.

# Criticisms and Notes.

THE YOKE. A Romance of the Days when the Lord Redeemed the Children of Israel from the Bondage of Egypt. By Elizabeth Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Pp. 616.

In its historical and fictional elements this book recalls the romances by which Professor Ebers first sought, more than thirty years ago, to popularize the study of Egyptian lore, stories like *The Bride of the Nile* or *The Egyptian Princess*, and others. But the literary qualities of *The Yoke* place it far above the writings of the German Egyptologist, even apart from the fact of their being translations. Indeed, we consider Miss Miller's volume of exceptional merit in this respect, although the literary critics are likely to view a religious romance of this kind with a certain amount of suspicion when it shows any lack of what is called up-to-dateness in modern aspects of Biblical criticism. Otherwise *The Yoke* recalls rather the form and style of George Eliot as shown in her historical novel *Romola*, and it suggests a like painstaking study in unfamiliar fields of a commonly interesting subject.

The story of Israel's liberation from the Egyptian bondage is fascinating in itself, not only as a prelude to the great event of the Messianic Redemption, but likewise as a study of national development and ethical culture. In the present instance the influences at play in the domestic, political, and religious life of Egypt at the time of the great pharaoh Rameses II, and of Meneptah and Seti, are characterized with singular charm and accuracy of detail. The question of Egyptian chronology and of the actual reigns during the period in which the Exodus of the Hebrews took place, is still under discussion, but this fact does not imply that we are ignorant of the real conditions which make up the historical atmosphere of the time. The author has availed herself, as she states in a note at the end of the volume, of the labors in the field of Egyptian history and research, of Wilkinson, Birch, Rawlinson, Ebers, and Erman. In the use of these authorities she displays a fine ingenuity which leads her to summon the historical elements and make them tell upon the development of her plot and certain strong points in the character sketches. Throughout there is a high religious motive, which is illustrated with exquisite grace in the picture of Rachel, the central figure of the story. Here and there

we find touches of psychological insight, leaving the impression that we have here a book of that high order which distinguishes the classical novel wherein the reader discovers secret monitions savoring of true self-culture.

The heroine in the plot is a Hebrew maiden of surpassing beauty, daughter of a noble son of Juda who, through the avarice of the pharaoh, had been stripped of his wealth and sent as a slave to toil in the brick-fields near Pa Ramesu where he died. The orphaned child, placed in the care of a Jewish matron, Deborah, is, together with her tribe, sent to the quarries of Masaarah, opposite Memphis. Here she is seen by Kenkenes, a young Egyptian artist, son of the royal architect Mentu, who discerns in her chaste and graceful form the ideal image of the goddess Athor, a statue of whom his genius had prompted him to fashion, in spite of the ritual law of Egypt which placed the penalty of death on any attempt to picture the god in the likeness of a human being. Rachel becomes gradually aware of the attention of Kenkenes, and although she fully realizes the wide barrier between herself as a Hebrew slave and the rank and religion of the Gentile youth, she is gradually fascinated by the charm of his reserve and by his genius which reveals itself in the beauty of the statue of Athor, hidden in a recess of the quarry and a likeness of herself. But she does not betray her heart.

One day, on occasion of a state-visit of Meneptah, the pharaoh, to his Memphian palace, the girl is espied by Har-hat, the royal fan-bearer. Captivated by her beauty, and alike unscrupulous and cruel, he bids his servants secure her, and in the meantime obtains from the pharaoh a warrant to own her as his slave. Rachel flees, is overtaken by Egyptian servants, and about to be dragged away, when Kenkenes intervenes, and succeeds in engaging the officers in a fight whilst she escapes and hides in a tomb where native superstition, fearing to enter, renders her safe for the time. Kenkenes, having seen her and Deborah secure, sets out to plead for her freedom with the pharaoh. On the way he is caught by the emissaries of Har-hat, and imprisoned. In the meantime Rachel becomes accidentally the means of rendering a service to Har-hat's daughter, who is overtaken, while in her pleasure boat on the Nile, by the sudden darkness which overspread the land, a token of Yahwe's vengeance. When the plague passes, Rachel and Deborah are secretly conveyed to the country house of Masanath, who sympathizes with them. After some months Deborah dies in her hiding place, and Rachel resolves to flee and join her people preparing to

leave Egypt for the promised land of Canaan. Kenkenes, who is supposed by her to have died—under the stroke of the first-born in Egypt, released from prison, goes in search of Rachel. He remembers the lessons of faith in the God of Israel which she and Deborah had taught him on a former occasion, and having exposed the villainy of Har-hat to the pharaoh, he joins the Israelitish hosts, with whom he finds Rachel, and having abjured idolatry is betrothed to her with the blessing of Mesu (Moses).

Such is in brief the burden of the story, every detail of which shows a mastery of style and perfect adaptation to the instructive history of the Biblical events. The figures of the pharaoh and the princes of his court, of Moses, Aaron, Miriam and Joshua (this should be rather Hosea, since the name of Joshua was not given the son of Nun until after his victory over the Amalekites in the desert), are drawn with telling force and speak the language of their time. To the Catholic reader unfamiliar with the Egyptian forms of worship and speech, expressions such as "Mother of God" applied to the idols, may momentarily appear as indicating a spirit of irreverence. But there is none such. On the contrary, the miracles of the plagues as well as the transit through the Red Sea are presented in the traditional form seemingly favored by the literal rendering of the ancient Biblical text. This was not necessary, but it emphasizes the devout attitude of the author toward her subject, and is critically of much less importance, when we judge of the aim and character of the Sacred History, than the Higher Critics would, as a rule, permit one to infer. A Catholic writer's reverence would have expressed itself differently in some passages, yet this does not undo the general excellence of the novel as an offset to the aimless love stories afloat in the literary market of the day. The book is a valuable adjunct, and of no small worth as an English classic, to the Bible student's library.

L'EXÉGÈSE DE M. LOISY. Les Doctrines—Procédés. Par P. Pierre Bouvier. Deuxième edition. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1904. Pp. 71.

L'ÉVANGILE ET EVOLUTION. Simples Remarques sur le livre de M. Loisy, "L'Évangile et l'Église." Par l'Abbé G. Oger. Paris: Ancienne Maison Ch. Douniol. 1903. Pp. 46.

The Abbé Oger gives us his estimate of the arguments adduced by Loisy against Harnack, showing from several instances how needless and at the same time subversive of authorized sacred traditions are certain concessions made by the French apologist under plea of de-

fending Catholic doctrine. The booklet barely skims the subject; nevertheless there is a certain force in the exposition of errors touching fundamental principles in which the Abbé Loisy's contention essentially involves the student of the Gospel as the basis of the Catholic teaching regarding the "Kingdom come," the "Divinity of Christ," "Catholic Dogma," and "Christian Liturgy." A postscript reprints from the *Semaine religieuse* the notice that the Abbé Loisy had made a loyal submission to the judgment of the Archbishop of Paris by suppressing the second edition of *L'Évangile et l'Église*. The apology has proved nugatory, however, as might have been conjectured from the form in which the Abbé presented it, "s'inclinant, devant le jugement rendu, et réprouvant toutes les erreurs *qu'on a pu déduire* de son livre." Catholic loyalty demands more generous terms than these.

Père Bouvier goes more directly into the subject of the Abbé Loisy's orthodoxy, and shows very plainly how the new exegesis which has been employed in *L'Évangile et l'Église* is absolutely incompatible with the clearly defined dogmas of the Church. This becomes especially evident in the part of the Abbé's book which treats of the Sacraments. Thus he expressly denies the institution by Christ of sacramental Penance, of Extreme Unction, of Holy Orders, and the mystery of transubstantiation in the Holy Eucharist. The reasoning, specious enough and supported here and there by the absence of historical evidence for the positive claims of Tradition, is none the less contrary to the definitions of the Council of Trent which every Catholic maintains as divinely authoritative. We need not reproduce here the Abbé's deductions—in which the *disciplina arcani* plays no little part—to convince our readers that the pronouncement of the Church's high tribunal regarding the danger and heterodoxy of M. Loisy's writings is entirely justified, quite apart from the purely disciplinary point of view. This is undeniable without making it necessary for us to endorse the somewhat unreasonable attacks of Loisy's opponents who see exaggerated forms of heresy in every page of his books. Elsewhere in this issue the reader will find a just estimate of the whole controversy.

**UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS.** By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., author of "My New Curate," etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 287.

We need hardly recommend this volume to our readers, since they were the first to enjoy *Under the Cedars and the Stars* in these pages.

Owing to the difficulty which the Dublin publishers found in sending their reprinted edition abroad, we offered Father Sheehan our plates, and the Benzigers undertook the publishing of the American reprint. Instead of the marginal notes by which Messrs. Browne and Nolan had their edition greatly improved for reference use, we placed headlines over the sections to indicate the various distinct topics; and an index at the end of the volume refers to these. The typography, form, etc., is that of THE DOLPHIN edition which was sent as complimentary to all our subscribers from the beginning of the series.

ANSWERS TO OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE CATHOLIC RELIGION. By Monsignor De Ségur. Translated by M. V. B. Printed and published by the Society of the Divine Word. Shermerville, Ill. Pp. 262.

The great influence which Monsignor Ségur, the blind prelate, exercised a generation ago upon the youth and chivalry of France, lay not only in his singular sweetness of disposition under a deep and abiding affliction, but also in the lucidity of style and sincerity of manner with which he treated religious subjects. As a rule the arguments produced against French infidelity of the last century have not had much force; they would have less now. Conversions were and are still wrought rather by prayer than by argument. But, allowing for certain differences of national temperament, we think that Ségur was better than most of the controversialists on the Continent, and that he meets the average doubt and denial in matters of religion more fairly than those apologists who wrote only for people who never really doubted their faith. Hence we welcome this little volume as a useful accession to the available store of Catholic defence. It is full of illustration, and reads easily, although, as the writer of the Introduction says: "I beg of you not to read too much at once, but read meditatively, and carefully consider the motives set before you."

The translator has wisely adapted much of the matter so as to appeal to the English-reading peruser, where the original referred to French sources of information. The book will surely prove helpful reading in many a home-circle where more erudite information would miss its purpose, especially for the young.

# Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

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**All's Fair in Love**: Josephine Caroline Sawyer. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The love of Archibald Douglas and Hotspur's son for the widowed heiress, Lady Despencer, is the subject of the story, and the scene is the court of the regent, Albany. Douglas resigns his claims and arranges a private marriage between Percy and the lady, intending, in obedience to his father and Albany, to espouse her publicly himself, and afterwards to flee to England and the protection of Henry V, accompanying the really wedded pair. This charmingly ingenious arrangement is spoiled by the Earl of Buchan, Douglas's brother-in-law, but Henry takes sides with Percy, and the married lovers are not separated.

**Araby**: Baroness von Hutten. *Smart Set Company.* $1.00.

The story of an ocean voyage, during which a mature flirt fancies that she keeps two men in her train, although one is really winning the affections of a girl to whom he engages himself. While mentally hesitating between the two, he hears that the girl inherits insanity and breaks his engagement, whereupon she stabs her rival and drowns herself. The story continuously assumes that mental and spiritual purity are not to be expected in any one, and only the insane girl has either.

**Broken Rosary**: Edward Peple. *Lane.* $1.50.

A young courtier of Louis XV having, while drunk, killed his best friend in a duel, becomes a nondescript, wearing the Dominican robes and managing a peculiar charity. For some inscrutable reason he falls in love with a woman of whose character there is no doubt whatsoever, she deliberately using her fascinations in pursuance of a wager. A Jesuit and the omnipresent cardinal of Louis XV fiction enter the tale, threatening various things, and

the Dominican, a full-fledged priest, by the way, is sent to America, the lady meanwhile tearfully repenting in a picturesque veil before an indefinite altar. The perfect inscrutability of the conversation and the incidents makes the book unique, but its intention to be wildly wicked is evident enough.

**Breaking Into Society:** George Ade. *Harper.* $1.00.

Short stories and pictures, the former replete with capital letters, degrading comparisons and slang, the latter presenting bad drawing and impossible anatomy as humor, compose the book. Its author has a salutary contempt for pretence, but his range of expression does not include the English language.

**Cap'n Eri:** Joseph C. Lincoln. *Barnes.* $1.50.

Three retired sea-captains, becoming weary of the domestic misery caused by their efforts to keep house, advertise for a wife for one of them, agreeing that the other two shall board with the wedded pair. The subsequent events pleasantly reveal the life of a Massachusetts fishing village, life-saving station, and cable station, and include three love affairs. The book is pleasant, kindly comedy, and truthful in its presentation of manners.

**Cherry's Child:** John Strange Winter. *Lippincott.* $1.25.

The heroine, adopted by a friend of her dead father, hesitates between marrying the son of her benefactress and an Italian prince who, as a boy, cherished a hopeless admiration for her mother. She vacillates between the two until the story is long enough to make a book, and then decides to be a princess.

**Country Interlude:** Hildegarde Hawthorne. *Houghton.* $1.25.

The story of a girl who spent a quiet summer in the country, discovered that she did not love the man to whom she was engaged, and learned to love an older and wiser man. The tale is told in letters, in which the girl is revealed as a devoted lover of all beautiful things, and as the owner of high ideals, and it would be very pretty if religion were not quite omitted from her scheme of a happy world.

**Dayspring:** W. J. Barry. *Dodd.* $1.50.

A fugitive Irish conspirator who has taken refuge in Paris is the chief character, and the time is the period immediately preceding the Franco-Prussian war, the period of the war itself, and of the Commune. A spiritualist charlatan plays a prominent part, and the heroine narrowly escapes being made permanently insane by his machinations; but the whole story leads up to a fine description of the horrors during the reign of the Commune, and the destruction of the Tuileries.

**Denis Dent:** E. W. Hornung. *Stokes.* $1.50.

The early days of Australian gold mining are very well described, and the hero has some amazing adventures before he

gathers a fortune and returns home to find that his rival has succeeded in making his betrothed believe him unfaithful. The closing chapters lead to a happy conventional ending, and the reader is allowed to perceive that one of the characters is the late Lord Salisbury.

**Failure**: Charles Bloomingdale. *Lippincott.* $1.00.

An unsuccessful boy grows to be an unsuccessful man, and at last sacrifices his entire fortune, rather than break faith with the workman who does not belong to a trade union. Then he meets a girl as unsuccessful as he and they marry, their ill fortune ending. A little group of very brief and sad stories rounds out the book to conventional size.

**Fat of the Land**: John Williams Streeter. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The author relates his experience in bringing a small farm into such a condition of productiveness that he and his family could live in ease upon its products. He invests the capital accumulated in the profession of medicine and spends over $100,000, and his book, although interesting, is encouraging only to those already possessing a fortune and an income.

**Fugitive**: Ezra S. Brudno. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

A Russian Jew tells the story of his family in Russia, and of his own struggles, both in his native land and in New York, to obtain fair treatment and to be allowed to earn an honest living. It is noteworthy that his worst enemies, both at home and in this country, are bad Jews, and that he himself is burdened with no religious scruples, although his inherited instincts sometimes interfere with his pursuit of fortune. His story is melancholy, but hardly typical, and its occasional thrusts at Christianity make it unsuitable for the reading of persons of unformed convictions.

**Gordon Elopement**: Carolyn Wells, Harry Parsons Taber. *Doubleday.* $1.25.

A husband and wife elope from their summer home to escape a horde of uninvited guests, and find refuge in a hotel in which they are at first alone, and later have only a sufficient number of companions to play the parts in a small farce. The fun is forced, and the book seems to be written with an eye to dramatization.

**Great Adventurer**: Robert Shackelton. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

The chief character attempts to unite all the organized capital of the world and succeeds for a brief space, but finds the power unmanageable and dissolves the combination. A stupidly unscrupulous banker, and an honest conscientious mill-owner are the personages by whom his life and deeds are thrown into relief, and his love for the wife of the former and the daughter of the latter is ingeniously complicated with his financial affairs.

**Imperialist**: Mrs. Everard Coates. *Appleton.* $1.50.

A minute study of life in a growing Canadian town, showing

the independence and affection for the mother country blended in the minds of the colonists. The only bad and stupid character in the story is an Englishman, and his performances on the stage of Canadian politics and in Canadian society are very diverting.

**James Oglethorpe**: H. C. Cooper. *Appleton.* $1.50.

An agreeable history of the founder of Georgia, one of the most picturesque of good men. The author treats her subject as if he were a hero in a novel, but she is writing chiefly for the young, and intent upon arousing State pride, and her course is judicious.

**Jewel of Seven Stars**: Bram Stoker. *Harper.* $1.50.

An extraordinary mixture of Egyptology, sorcery, modern detectives, reincarnation, astrology, and assorted horrors, utterly impossible, and yet holding the attention. The merit of the book is, that after reading it, the milder and more persuasive stories of sorcery seem stupid, and moreover it has an almost perfect catastrophe, all the personages except the narrator being simultaneously killed.

**Kwaidan**: Lafcadio Hearn. *Houghton.* $1.50.

Short and grim Japanese stories of spirits and goblins, related with much spirit and grace, and three "Insect studies," one of which shows that the ants follow the Spencerian philosophy of life in its minutest details. The author professes intense admiration for the ant. The reader is at liberty to interpret as he pleases.

**Man Roosevelt**: Francis E. Leupp. *Appleton.* $1.25.

A well-written account of the President's life, published by a personal friend, entirely on his own responsibility. It gives the secret history of one or two minor transactions, but its purpose is obvious, in this year of election.

**People of the Abyss**: Jack London. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

A series of entirely dreary descriptions of the life of the homeless man in London, and of the difficulty with which he obtains even the most wretched lodging of the casual ward. The author masqueraded as a poor man, and relates only what he saw or what was told him by men having no object to deceive, and his story is more saddening than that related of the United States by Mr. Walter Wyckoff.

**Rainbow Chasers**: John H. Whitsen. *Little.* $1.50.

The rainbow chase is the pursuit of the money at the end of a town and land speculation in Kansas, and the men who pursue it are the hero, convicted of murder in Arkansas, although innocent, the judge who sentenced him, and a miscellaneous company of former cowboys and uneducated farmers. The picture of their manners and ways is neither exaggerated nor sentimentalized, and the ways of the speculator in town lots are excellently explained.

**Sign of Triumph**: Sheppard Stevens. *Page.* $1.50.

This story of the children's crusade is related with profound pity for the little wanderers, and the hero and his love are skilfully brought into relation with it. He is of gentle birth, but has fallen into evil ways, and he encounters the children's host not long after the sight of a fair face and a glimpse of a pure soul have made him resolve to reform, and so finds his opportunity for good deeds.

**Standard of Pronunciation in English**: Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper.* $1.50.

Pleasantly written dissertations on the various pronouncing dictionaries of the past, arriving at the general conclusion that only phonetic orthography can bring about uniformity in orthoepy. The book is written for the general reader rather than for the scholar, and does not enter into the question of the vicious elementary teaching which fosters vicious pronunciation.

**Stone of Destiny**: K. A. Mackay. *Harper.* $1.50.

The author is not quite decided whether to write a mystical story, or a tract on matrimony, and the result is not easily classified, but many affectations make the book dull, and its sentimentality makes it slightly mischievous.

**Story of Susan**: Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney. *Dodd.* $1.50.

Susan's Methodist lover, and honest jeweller, compels the rich man who elopes with her to marry her, and when, after her husband's death, she returns to him repentant he marries her himself. Susan is a lady's maid and the story of her general frivolity, of her ignorant partisan defence of the Church of England against her lover's Methodism and of her inconsequence and irresponsibility, and of the charm that conceals all her faults, is very well told.

**Tillie**: Helen R. Martin. *Century.* $1.50.

The heroine's tyrannical father insists that she shall grow up in ignorance, and after she has secretly educated herself, endeavors to take her earnings. She escapes from his control by marriage. Nearly all the characters are Mennonites, and the conduct of the father and of the heroine's loutish suitor are attributed to their creed; they speak Pennsylvania Dutch-English, with Mennonite variations. As a study of the sect the book is interesting.

**Toilers of the Home**: Lilian Pettengill. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

The author represents herself as going into domestic service in order to ascertain why women are averse to it. She relates the story of every day and almost of every hour and the mass of details is accumulated to no end except the irritation of the reader seeking for light upon the problem involved.

**Tolstoy the Man**: Edward A. Steiner. *Outlook.* $1.50 *net.*

Nominally a biography with brief summaries of the author's works, this volume is really a

eulogy, and accepts all Count Tolstoy's theories as if they were matters of divine revelation. The author's honest affection for his subject makes the book far more dangerous than a coldly written history, and persons unacquainted with Tolstoy's work will obtain an erroneous impression of it from these pages.

**Viking's Skull**: John R. Carling. *Little.* $1.50.

The action and reaction of a recent crime and certain race superstitions and family traditions are used to bring about a series of events sufficiently near to the impossible to puzzle the reader until their sequence is explained to him. The story is good of its kind, but is stuffed full of horrors, and not to be recommended to the nervous.

**With the Birds in Maine**: Olive Thorne Miller. *Houghton.* $1.10 *net.*

Observations of fifty birds and their nests are embodied in fifteen pleasantly written papers, carefully indexed. The species noted are not peculiar to Maine, but common to the Eastern and Middle States, and the field of operation extends to Nebraska and Colorado.

**Yarborough the Premier**: Agnes Russel Weekes. *Harper.* $1.50.

Two-thirds of the story are devoted to the narrative of the hero's stealing an unsigned treaty and selling it to the newspapers, alleging as excuse for the former act that if signed the treaty would have harmed England; and to the acted and spoken falsehoods by which he secured his seat in Parliament. The remainder shows him after he has for fifteen years been Prime Minister and is receiving punishment for his early wrong-doing in the contempt of his son, who, having discovered it, demands a public confession from him, and in the ingratitude of the ignorant voters, who, not understanding him, hate him, and kill his son.

**Woodhouse Letters**: G. W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel. *Dodd.* $1.50.

A selfish hypochondriac widower; a paralytic invalid with some money and some whims; a widow with daughters to marry and no prejudices against begging; an idiotic young person, intent upon obtaining notoriety by leaving her family and writing a great novel, and eager to marry anybody; a frank and clever young man and a sensible woman write letters about their various common interests. The clumsiness of their efforts to manage one another constitutes the fun of the book, which is amusing.

# Literary Chat.

The Benzigers are publishing a new edition of Fr. Cathrein's *Socialism*. We trust it will be an actual revision allowing due weight to the more recent aspects of the subject. The same firm is to bring out a volume on Socialism by Bishop-elect Stang. It comprises in the main the material already published in THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. The most satisfactory exposition, from a scientific point of view, which has thus far appeared on the Catholic side is the series of articles by the Rev. Dr. Kerby (THE DOLPHIN). They are of the kind that may be placed not only in the hands of educated Catholics but also of those outside the Church who, appreciating the arguments of the Socialist, look for a dignified, temperate, yet clear and terse statement alike of the objections and the principles which overturn them. These papers were concluded in the March issue of THE DOLPHIN and are soon to appear in book form. In the meantime Dr. Kerby is preparing an article on "Method in Social Reform," which will appear in the May issue of the REVIEW.

It is proposed by the Clarence Mangan Memorial Committee to erect a bronze bust of the poet in some public place or park. The project has the coöperation of the Irish Literary Society of London.

Agnes Repplier has a characteristic essay, entitled "The Beggar's Pouch," in the March *Atlantic Monthly*. In this graceful and sympathetic defence of the Italian beggar, many striking passages may be found, in particular those dealing with the relations of the Church to abject poverty in Southern Europe. One which proclaims the author's love of the picturesque in contradistinction to our American idea of utility or nothing, runs as follows: ". . . these picturesque accessories of Venetian life are, for the most part, worn-out gondoliers, whose days of activity are over, and who are saved from starvation only by the semblance of service they perform. . . . The graybeards, sunning themselves on the marble steps, are as much a part of the beautiful city as are the gondoliers silhouetted against the sky, or the brown boys paddling in the water. Such old age is meagre, but not wholly forlorn. A little food keeps body and soul together, and life yields sweetness to the end."

The publication of a new Irish magazine, to be called "Dana," is announced. Its design is expressed in the following words: "Ireland lacks, more than most other countries, a body of cultured, liberal opinion using the word 'liberal' in the widest sense; so that, in this country, there is little or no discussion of religious, political, social, or art topics, conducted rationally or dispassionately."

Father Salvatore Brandi, whose numerous publications on questions touching the relations of Church and State have become a characteristic feature of the work done by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, probably the most representative magazine of Italian learning and letters, has republished in book form the articles on the juridical proprietorship

of the Vatican, which have appeared in the *Civiltà* during the past months under the title *Di chi è il Vaticano?* The question became a living issue under the recent Ministry, when various utterances on the part of certain deputies in the Italian Chamber betrayed an intention of a Government faction to declare the Vatican museum and library, which contain some of the rarest treasures of art and literature, national property. This would of course be a direct violation of the Law of Guarantees which in 1870 proclaimed the Vatican as extra-territorial and independent of the Piedmontese Government. The Italian Senate, as well as the Chamber, admitted by their votes the inviolability of the Pontifical reserve, but in view of the numerous past acts of unjust confiscation of Church property under the claim of the *altum dominium* perpetrated by the executives of the Italian Government, the Holy See has no permanent guarantee that its rights will be respected. It is to frustrate any attempt to place such an act of injustice on any legal pretence that Father Brandi writes his articles. They are a masterly exposition of the historical and juridical inquiry into the rights of possession on the part of the Popes to the property of the Vatican. His method is one of appeal to reason, to their sense of right and equity, in which every fair-minded reader will side with him. Thus at least public opinion will by anticipation be led to condemn any attempt to enter the household of the Popes, and after robbing them of the patrimony entrusted to their keeping, seek to strip them of those sacred heirlooms which the sense of every age and nation has respected as intangible.

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Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse has, according to the *Manchester* (Eng.) *Guardian*, scored a point against the theory of the Baconian authorship of the plays usually ascribed to Shakespeare in the study which he has published of a manuscript belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. The manuscript, which was discovered in 1867 and first published in 1870, consists of eight short pamphlets, Bacon's for the most part, which were copied out in fair hand for the Earl of Northumberland by a writing-master. The front page is covered with writing—and here lies the interest—which, among other things, contains a list of works which the copyist probably intended to include in his volume, but was prevented from fulfilling his design through some cause or other. This list contains two plays which the writer ascribes to Shakespeare. The copyist, Mr. Douse maintains, is John Davies, of Hereford, widely known in his time. He substantiates his statement by an appeal to the internal evidence of the "scribble" upon the cover, and by an examination of the handwriting which he says is conclusive. If he is correct, the existence of Shakespeare and the authorship of these two plays are attested by a contemporary.

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In a criticism of Zola's novels, expressed in conversation with characteristic outspokenness, William II of Germany gave it as his opinion that the great vogue enjoyed by the French writer was not due to his powers as a story-teller, nor to the faithfulness of his portrayal of character, "but rather to the immoral and filthy things with which he poisons his writings. Now it is just Zola," continues the Emperor, "that France, at this moment, prefers to all other writers. He it is who arouses such an enthusiastic admiration, and this gives to us foreigners the right of forming a very strong opinion on the subject of the state of morals in France."

Perhaps this is sounder criticism than that contained in many labored studies written about the works of the French interpreter of naturalism.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) is to contribute the volume upon Froude to the "Modern English Writers" series of the Messrs. Black. It will be interesting to note how this great exponent of the picturesque in historical writing, who depended largely for success upon qualities of style, will be treated by one who is herself essentially a stylist in the sense that solid thought is often sacrificed to the making of a phrase.

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The *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, by Wilfrid Ward, is already partly in type and will shortly be published.

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If the Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* is correctly informed, official translations in English will be issued in the future simultaneously with the Latin text of Encyclicals. Hitherto this has been done in the case of German, French, and Italian, but Spanish and English have been strangely neglected. This inequality of conditions the Cardinal Secretary of State has resolved to remedy.

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Professor Hanus, of Harvard, is about to publish a work entitled *A Modern School*. It deals principally with the College, the Academy, and promises to be a strong plea for higher education in the better sense of the word.

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A similarly interesting volume has just appeared on the *Philosophy of Education*. It is a connected series of discussions on the foundations of education in the related sciences of biology, physiology, sociology, and psychology, by the Dartmouth Professor of Pedagogy, Herman Horne.

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The *Encyclopædia* that deserves all-sided encouragement just now is the *New International Encyclopædia*, of Dodd, Mead & Co. They engaged a good number of Catholic editors, and the articles show the effect of their honest workmanship.

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Two important works of American History are announced as in preparation by the Macmillans. They are Henry Elson's *History of the United States*, which is a compendium for general students, and the *American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century*, by Professor Osgood of Columbia University. The latter is to be an extensive study of the internal organization and relations of the colonies, without special reference to the foreign policies except in so far as they influenced their formation. The first two volumes now in press treat of the "Beginnings of Self-government" in the chartered colonies.

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The now complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Christina Georgiana Rossetti*, collected by her brother William, will delight many lovers of the themes that used to rouse noble genius more than they do in our day. Dante Gabriel, the Pre-Raphaelite, best known of the three artist children of the Italian poet, Gabriele Rossetti, who transferred the gift of his muse to England, died in 1882. He left a rich legacy of paintings and poems, most of which are a reflex of the genius of Dante both in theme and mode of presentation. William, though he made a partial translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, is perhaps best known as the biographer of Shelley and of Keats. Christina, less known, has done some exquisite work, such as her musings on the *Benedicite;* but a great deal of what she did remained hidden, perhaps because her modesty or love made her feel that she could or should not outshine her elder brother.

When Dr. Andrew Dickson White published his *Warfare of Science with Theology*, some years ago, Father Thomas Hughes, S.J., then engaged in historical researches at Rome, wrote a telling refutation of the work in THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, and showed very clearly that Dr. White was alike deficient in the erudition, logic, and candor, which befit the unbiassed historian. We are glad to see that Father Campbell, S.J., in *The Messenger*, takes up Dr. White's latest onslaught on historical truth, and shows that the articles on "Sarpi," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are written in the old partisan spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church.

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There is a great diversity of opinion as to the critical merits of the second volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*, the first volume of which we reviewed in these pages last year. The subject of the present issue, the "Reformation," makes it, of course, a topic of religious contention, which is not to be entirely avoided by the selection of different writers—in this case twelve—to whom separate portions or phases of the subject have been allotted. Some of the writers are eminently fair-minded. Such is Professor James Gairdner, whose excellent history of the English Church from the reign of Henry VIII to that of Mary has already won him the confidence of historical students of this period. The late Professor Kraus, of Munich, furnishes the introductory history of Medicean Rome, and whilst, like Lord Acton, the projector of the history, a Catholic, he gives, it seems to us, undue prominence to the shadowy side of Church administration in the days of Leo X. But we hope to do justice to the volume in our next issue, as want of space prevents us from giving here a sufficiently exhaustive review.

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In the preface to the first series of the *Biglow Papers* James Russell Lowell condemned certain phrases beloved of reporters, and Richard Grant White and William Cullen Bryant very ably continued his work in the latter half of the nineteenth century; but any reader of the daily papers must be aware that within the last ten years both the local news and the telegraphic dispatches have abounded in flagrant errors. Unfortunate men "receive a fracture of the skull;" "fatal injuries" are inflicted upon victims reported as "recovering"; "receptions" are "received," and "quite an ovation" is given, "quite" meaning "not quite," and "ovation" meaning three cheers and a tiger. If "Constant Reader" and the rest would pause in their search for the author of "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," and give their minds to addressing the editors on the question of good English, they might accomplish a really patriotic work. It is not matter for a jest that a University professor of English literature should write "The pronunciation of the illiterate no one thinks of referring to," and in a land of well-edited newspapers, this man could not fall into the state of mental slovenliness indicated by such an error. The public schools being in the hands of demagogues and politicians, neglect the work of teaching better English than is spoken by their owners, but the newspapers have nothing to lose and much to gain by openly defending the purity of the language. They need not abandon the use of dialect in anecdote, in conversation or in literal report, but they can insist that reporters and editors shall avoid illiteracy both in narrative and in argument. The dialect and slang will be all the more effective when contrasted with well chosen words, and an editorial article will not lose force because not written in the tongue of the bar-room and the school-board meeting.

The tale of the child victimized by harsh elders seems to be usurping the place not long ago occupied by the misunderstood wife and her sisters whom no one could misunderstand. *Rebecca* sells in thousands both in the United States and in London; *Helen Grant's School Days* has astonished its publishers, and *Tillie, a Mennonite Maid*, is fast following the other two in the way of success. In all three appears the good school teacher, assisting the small victim of home tyranny or neglect, and in *Tillie* she even counsels the heroine to disobey her father. He is a brute and beats the girl cruelly, but that the teacher should give the advice is an innovation in American fiction.

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# Books Received.

## THEOLOGY AND ASCETICA.

THE CRUCIFIX, OR PIOUS MEDITATIONS. Translated from the French by Frances M. Grafton. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Price, $0.65 *net.*

ANECDOTES AND EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING THE CATHOLIC CATECHISM, selected and arranged by the Rev. Francis Spirago, Professor of Theology. Supplemented, adapted to the Baltimore Catechism, and edited by the Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D., author of *Sermons from the Latins*, etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Pp. 596. Price, $1.50 *net.*

FROM DOUBT TO FAITH. By the Rev. F. Tournebize, S.J. Adapted from the French by the Rev. J. M. Helen. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 89. Price, $0.30 *net.*

LE CODE DE BONHEUR DU MAITRE. Conférences Quadragésimales. Par L'Abbé Th. Besnard. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. xii—242. Prix, 2 fr. 50.

EXPOSITION DE LA MORALE CATHOLIQUE. Le Fondement de la Morale La Béatitude. Conférences et Retraite données à Notre Dame de Paris, durant le Carême. 1903. Par F. Janvier. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. 360. Prix, 4 frs.

NEW LIGHT ON THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D.Litt., Edward Robinson, Professor of Biblical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. xiii—196.

LETTERS FROM THE BELOVED CITY. To S. B. from Philip. London, New York, Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. 134. Price, $1.20.

ANSWERS TO OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE CATHOLIC RELIGION. By Monsignor De Ségur. Translated by M. V. B. Shermerville, Ill.: Society of the Divine Word. 1904. Pp. 262.

PASTORAL LETTER, on The Authority of the Church. By the Right Rev. W. H. O'Connell, Bishop of Portland, Maine. 1904.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS, or, Meditations on the Gospels. By the Rev. William T. Conklin. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1904. Pp. 312. Price, $0.75 *net.*

THE SYMBOL IN SERMONS. A Series of Twenty-five Short Sermons on the Articles of the Creed. A Companion Volume to *The Symbol of the Apostles*. By the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., Vicar-General of the Diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1903. Pp. 214. Price, $0.60 *net.*

## HISTORY.

JUBILEE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA. THE LIFE OF MOST REVEREND PATRICK JOHN RYAN, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, and Record of his Golden Jubilee. By the Rev. J. L. J. Kirlin. Part I. Philadelphia: The Gibbons Publishing Company. 1903. Pp. 165.

PIPPO BUONO. A Simple Life of Saint Philip. With sixty-three Illustrations. Edited by Ralph Francis Kerr, of the Oratory. St. Louis: B. Herder; London: Harrison and Sons. Pp. 197. Quarto. Price, $1.35.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW JERSEY. By the Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, M.R., V.E., Rector of the Church of the Assumption of the B. V. M., Morristown, N. J. Morristown, N. J. 1904. Pp. xiii—695.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History; edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., Stanley Leathes, M.A. Volume II: The Reformation. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xxvi—887. Price, $4.00 *net.*

## BELLES-LETTRES.

MATER MEA: THOUGHTS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN. Written and Compiled by Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1904. Price, $0.55 *net.*

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART. By Margaret Fletcher, author of *Light for New Times.* London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. 109. Price, $1.00.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOQUENCE. By Don Antonio de Capmany, Member of the Royal Academy of History, and the Royal Academy of Literature, Seville. Published at Madrid in 1777. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. McLoughlin, Mount Melleray Abbey, near Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, Ireland. Dublin: James Duffey & Co., Ltd. 1903. Pp. xxviii–318. Price 3 shillings sixpence.

LA MEROPE. Tragoedia illustrissimi poetae Veronensis marchionis Francisci Scipionis Maffei quam ex italico sermone in linguam sacram classicam convertit celeber poeta Mantuanus Samuel Aaron Romanelli, nunc primum cum praefatione et notis in lucem edita e manuscripto autographo translatoris existente in bibliotheca privata Editoris Dris P. Thomae Aq. Weikert, O.S.B., publ. in Collegio S. Anselmi de Urbe ling. Orient. prof., Consultoris Commissionis Biblicae. Fridericus Pustet, Pontificalis Bibliopola, Romae, Ratisbonae, Neo-Eboraci. 1904. Pp. xvi—205. Pretium, 7 francs.

## FICTION.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS. A Story for Children. By Lilian Mack. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN. A Story of the Days of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson, author of *The Golden Lily, The Queen's Page, Her Father's Daughter,* etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904.

THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD; or, Tommy Collins at Santiago. By Mary G. Bonesteel. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1902. Price, $0.45.

THE HALDEMAN CHILDREN. By Mary E. Mannix, author of *As true as Gold, Pancho and Panchita,* etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904.

CYRIL WESTWARD. The Story of a Grave Decision. By Heny Patrick Russell, late Vicar of St. Stephen's, Davenport. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903.

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